NEW YORK, MARCH 29, 1873.

TERMS IN ADVANCE One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year . . . 3.00.
Two copies, one year . . 5.00.

No. 159.

GOING HOME.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Mourners, weeping o'er the coffin
Of a man with silvered hair,
Did you see his spirit climbing
Up the angels' starry stair?
Did you hear them when they called him,
"Pilgrim, come. No longer roam!"
Ah! he cares not for your weeping:
He has found a welcome home.

Mother, sobbing o'er the cradle
Where your little child has laid,
Dream you of the transformation
That the change of death has made?
Think! Your child had only started
In the path hedged round by sin,
When the gates of Heaven swung open,
And your darling entered in.

Wife, beside the low grave kneeling,
Where they hid from mortal sight
Him you loved so much—oh, tell me,
Do you see no gleam of light?
Waits your loved one o'er the river,
On the ferry's further shore,
Till the grim and silent boatman
Comes to row your spirit o'er.

Children, lonesome for the sunshine
Of a sweet-voiced mother's smile,
She has crossed the hills before you;
Travel on a little while.
Soon for you the gates of sunset
Will, at day's decline, unclose,
And you'll find, beyond the portals,
Strangely sweet and deep repose.

Maiden, is your pathway shadowed?
Do you miss a tender voice,
And the sound of manly footsteps,
That could make your heart rejoice?
Think! the path of peace, unending,
Is before your loved one's feet,
And he waits to bid you welcome
When you reach the golden street.

When we see our loved ones going,
How our bitter tear-drops fall,
And we fain would keep them longer,
Though they hear the angels 'call.
Kiss their lips in tears at parting,
When the angels whisper, "Come,"
And remember, oh, remember,
They are only going home!

Barbara's Fate:

A BRIDE, BUT NOT A WIFE

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL, AUTHOR OF "LOVE BLIND," "OATH BOUND," ETC CHAPTER I.

THE CURSE.

HALF-WAY between New York and the busy, pretty city of Paterson, New Jersey, stands a house, at once conspicuous to travelers on the Erie railroad, for its beauty as well as isolation of situation, no less than its elegance of design and finish, and the peculiarly romantic appearance it bears.

From the line of the railroad, and perhaps ten feet below that level, from which rude wooden steps lead down, stretches an immense park, traversed by curving drives, tree-shaded

promenades, and open, sunny lawns.

A lake, of circular form and rather diminutive size, adorns the center of the park, from which narrow walks diverge toward the railroad-the carriage entrance-where a large iron gate stands hospitably open, and a tiny porter's lodge adds to the style of the grounds; and the dwelling itself-Chetwynd Chase.

At the first glance bestowed upon the fair gray granite pillars and towers of far-famed Chetwynd Chase, even the most superficial observer is impressed with the mingled beauty and weirdness, fairy grace, and somber aspect of its external appearance

Standing upon a slight eminence, with a dense grove for a background, its tall turrets rearing above the highest tree-tops with the sloping grass-sown banks of the Passaic river stretching from the high flight of griffin-guarded steps down to the very brink of the river, that at that spot widens and curves into unusual beauty, Chetwynd Chase is exceedingly fair to look upon, even while among its own admirers it has won the name of the "Mysterious."

And there was a mystery, a deep and unfathomable mystery, that for more than two centuries defied investigation, that in later days our own times—deepened from a mystery to a fearful curse; an anathema on one of the house of Chetwynd that was well calculated to cast dismalest gloom on the unfortunate family.

But the Chetwynds of Chetwynd Chase, who had come to Old England, with William the Conqueror, and lived in almost royalty in their old baronial castle in Gloucestershire, and whose younger son, Rexton Chetwynd, had come to America twenty years before the present time-for our story is one of to-day, in a year we have lately seen (1865)—had ever borne with them, wherever they lived, the same strange mystery, that even invested their homes

with its sepulchral glare.

Rexton Chetwynd, who had taken for his home this grand old place, and christened it in true old English style, was one of those fine, courtly gentlemen who are fitted by birth, education and inclination, to fill the highest posi tions of honor and trust. He was remarkably handsome—but the Chetwynds were a splendid race—peerless beauty being one of the clauses sworn to in that old, old curse; of about the average hight, possibly a trifle above, with erect, kingly bearing, bright, intense eyes of jettiest black, over which hung great, bushy eyebrows of purest white, that matched for hue

and massiveness his hair and military beard. Such was Rexton Chetwynd in his fifty-se-The family at Chetwynd Chase was not large, exclusive of the corps of ser-

Mrs. Chetwynd, a queenly, quiet elderly lady, who had been pretty in her fresher days, and now was just as charming in manner and temperament as ever she had been; a true wife. who believed her husband the most perfect man on all the earth, whose will was her rigid law, whose faintest expressed desire was her greatest pleasure to perform. She never presumed to contradict him in the slightest matter; uch a wild idea had never entered her head;



homage, she freely personated what we seldom see—a true, model wife; and perhaps more wonial castle, where walls were encrimsoned with men would gladly follow her example, were the husbands to imitate Rexton Chetwynd in hi chivalrous devotion and affectionate solicitude

or her welfare and happiness. There was a nephew traveling on the conti nent now, a handsome, high-spirited gentle-manly man, with the Chetwynds' bold beauty and hauteur, and winning tenderness of mien. Rex Chetwynd was deeply attached to his

uncle and aunt, but on his only cousin, the darling of Chetwynd Chase, his heart was set with rongest affection. Blanche Chetwynd was a girl whom to see

was to instantly admire; to know, to steadily love. Her charms of mind were no less than her graces of person, that were made up of a rare and beautiful commingling of style.

In stature she was less tall than most girls at her age-she was nineteen. Her eyes, jetty like her father's, had in them a pleading expression, that lessened greatly her likeness to Mr. Chetwynd. Her hair was like her mother's had been, bright, burnished gold in color, with not a ripple to mar the shining glory, save at the ends, which curled in loose

Her complexion was pale as marble, without the faintest vestige of color on her cheeks, and yet there was not a suggestion of pallid sickness

in that sunny whiteness Her lips were proudly arched and of vivid scarlet, ripe and dewy, suggesting all manner of pretty similes—strawberries, gleaming ivy-ber-

ies, cleft pomegranates. Blanche Chetwynd it was, this regal, peerless girl, on whom the curse would descend; to whom the mystery would be unraveled, which for two hundred years had been wrapt in densest loom, and had been declared never to be exlained until the youngest son of the house of Chetwynd could possess, in their youngest

orn, a daughter. Heretofore, the youngest child had invariably been a son; and until Rexton Chetwynd had seen his fair Blanche grow up, year after year, and no other children following, he had not dreamed that on him and his the curse

But Blanche was nineteen now, and Mr. Chetwynd had long since given up hoping for another son, whose birth would thus avert the cloud from Blanche's head; and for years back he had been steeling himself for the blow he knew must come, sooner or later; but of its import, or coming, he was perfectly ignorant. He only knew, as Blanche herself knew, and all the Chetwynds, that, because from a youngest daughter the blight had proceeded, so to a

youngest daughter it must return.

and, yielding her graceful, tender, dignified awful about it; he had heard his grandfather gladness, and a curl to her lips that was all the blood of young Lady Constanzia, whose pitiful story, whose tragic end, was well known to the family. He had heard of her ghost wandering through the halls, and of a dark, malignantly beauteous face that followed the figurethat of Reginald Lenox, the seducer, the mur-

derer of young Constanzia. It had been handed down, this weird legend. from father to son, with the accompanying curse on the youngest daughter, who alone by

peculiar sacrifice could wipe out the stain of the Chetwynd horror. And so Blanche, fair, beauteous Blanche, hundreds of miles from that old castle, in a

fight it out for Lady Constanzia's sake. CHAPTER II.

BARBARA'S LOVE. In one of the most luxuriously - appointed apartments of Chetwynd Chase, whose high, wide windows commanded far-reaching views over hills and meadows, a young girl was sit ting, her fair, round arms folded on the window-ledge, her wondrously-splendid face set sternly toward the sunset sky, whose vivid hues were reflected in deliciously faint tints on her orunette complexion.

No one could have caught even the slightest climpse of Barbara Lester's rare, strangely beautiful face, without involuntarily uttering an

exclamation of surprise and admiration. It was a face that suggested the thought of a sudden, piercing rift of light over a thundercharged storm-cloud, or a bright, dead-cold moonbeam shining down over a yawning, black A magnificent face, that exactly de picted the triumph of pride over despair; that denoted a will strong enough to move moun tains, were they in her way.

The eyes were slumbrous, and generally vailed by the long thick lashes—eyes that looked as for his own sun-bright ones.

Her mouth was perfect; not very small, but arched like a Cupid's bow; full of witching tenderness and womanliness, whether the red lips were parted in a dazzling, pearl-displaying smile, or gravely closed in demure silence.

This afternoon—a chill, sunny afternoon in ate October-Barbara Lester had excused herself from the music-room, where Blanche Chetwynd was practicing; she had been in a state of unrest all the day, and now, as she locked her door, and almost flung herself into a chair by the open window, a sigh of relief came from Rexton Chetwynd knew there was something her lips, a light to her eyes that was not all dreams she I am his betrothed bride. If she

contempt.

"How thoroughly sick of it all I am!" she said, as she leaned her head on her hand—so that the long brown tresses covered neck and

'Thoroughly tired of it all, because it is charity, from my kingly Mr. Chetwynd down to baby Blanche—ah! baby though she is, she ay yet thwart me! but IF she does!' Then a sudden, delightful memory seemed to

return to her.

"How ridiculous I am! as if, now, she, or mortal woman, has it in her power to win him from me! Let them boast their kindness to poor Barbara Lester, the child who was left at their door, seventeen years ago; let them, I say, and I'd tell them to their faces that Barland where legends and superstition go for say, and I'd tell them to their faces that Barwhat they are worth, was going on and on, to bara Lester's beauty will balance their money

A gleam of gratified triumph lighted her eyes as she glanced backward into the pier glass.
"If Blanche is pretty, I am handsome; if she is beautiful, I am more so. And to think she should dream, for a moment, that her childish airs and graces could win Gervaise De Laurian from me!

The name of her lover came in dulcet strains from her lips; came in a low, sweet key that sent the warm blood to her forehead, and a gladsome light to her eyes.
"Gervaise, dearest one! truly, Destiny has

peen good to me in leading you to me."

Her musing, dreamy voice died away in a meditative murmur as she bowed her regal

head still lower on her hand, gazing earnestly at a picture painted on porcelain that hung, by a silver hook, beside the window. She removed it, and looked more closely at

It was a face, a head, that would have made any woman's heart beat the quicker at the thought of being beloved by the original.

Boldly handsome, intelligent, refined, with a lash of imperiousness, pride and willfulness in the finely-cut features. A blonde complexion hadowed by a heavy amber mustache; a pair Barbara Lester willed they should look, that of keen, almost fierce violet eyes; dark gold even Rexton Chetwynd, Sr., found a match hair, tawny in hue, rare in its beauty, that was of keen, almost fierce violet eyes; dark gold brushed low over the forehead, and off the temples, in a style that plainly told the carelessnes of the wearer to its arrangement, as well as a proud consciousness of its extreme becomingness. Such was the face, so fascinating in its half-smiling, half-frowning pride, upon which Barbara Lester lavished such hot, coaseless

Then she replaced the picture on its silver hook, but not before removing from its frame a heavy, plain gold ring, that she placed on her

tiny finger.

"Blanche has never seen that, and little of the peace?"

did I think she would take better care that she did not flush and tremble so if he but chanced to touch her hand."

She had thrown a black lace shawl over her shoulders while she spoke, and then adjusted a tiny hat, on whose side glowed a spray of velvet pinks.

"I think I will do. Gervaise requested me to wear this suit, although it is a strange color for to-day.'

She glanced down at her emerald green silk.
"It means 'forsaken;' is it an omen, I won-

Then, smiling at her nervous suggestion, she looked at her watch.

"Five o'clock so soon! and I promised to be at the chapel ruins at five."

With a hurried glance at the window, she swept across the velvet carpet, opened the door,

then locked it after her.

Blanche Chetwynd met her at the gate, her sunbright curls all windblown about her fresh, fair face, her black eyes full of unspoken happi-

"Off for a ramble, Barbara?"

Barbara laughed, as she hoisted her parasol.
"To Passaic, I think, if the road is not too dusty. I may be late to dinner, but you'll make my excuses?"

"Assuredly. But there is the carriage, Bar-

"Thanks; but a walk will be a delightful rarity."
"I think you'll meet Mr. De Laurian, Barbara, for I passed him at the chapel ruins a few

minutes ago."

Barbara glanced keenly at the sweet, conscious face, and then a little look of stern re-

proof came to her lips.
"Mr. De Laurian and you often meet, Blanche.

Her words were intended as a probe to the young girl's heart, and Barbara exultantly saw the glow deepen on her cheeks.
"You are an adept, Blanche," and Barbara

laid her finger on the girl's hot face.

"But, adieu, mia cara," and, wafting a kiss, she went on, and Blanche returned slowly to

the Chase.

It was not a long walk, and in a few minutes

Barbara reached the ruins

True to his tryst, Gervaise De Laurian awaited her. With a glad smile, in which all her beauty seemed to concentrate itself, she extended her hands.

"Gervaise! I was fearful I had kept you waiting too long!"

As if forever were too long to wait for you,

His deep-whispered words sent a flush to her

"But, nevertheless, I'm glad you've come; T am impatient, after all, for the treasure the next hour will give me. My darling, you do not desire to retract your promise? you are as willing to-day to register your vow as you were when I gave you that?"

His finger touched the golden circlet on her hand, and his proud, passionful eyes were looking down in her own.
"Retreat, Gervaise? Never! Rather do I

desire to strengthen it by every bond I may.'
He smiled, then bent and kissed her.

Come, then, my darling. Everything is in: readiness; a short five minutes, and we will be each other's forever. But, Blanche Chetwynd?"

For the life of her, Barbara could not tell why she asked that. She never knew, until months after, why it was that the words rose spontaneously to her lips, forcing their own ut-terance; or why, for a second, there uprose before her a sweet, girlish face, with love-lighted

For a moment Gervaise De Laurian looked at her; then his eyes grew wrathful.
"What has Blanche Chetwynd to do with me, or you?"

"Forgive me, Gervaise; they were idle words."

It was wonderful, almost pitiful, to see how

this proud, eagle-hearted girl flung all her pride, her hauteur at the feet of her love; but Barbara Lester's was no light, passing emotion, that scarce ruffled the tide of her life. It was a mighty, master current, that bowed all her will to its headlong course.

And Gervaise De Laurian knew this. He

knew how entirely he was her master, and he was proud of his conquest, so that now, when he listened to her loving voice and saw her beautiful, graceful girlishness, he smiled down in her wistful eves.

"I will forgive you. But I can not have you speak so again. She accepted his arm, and together they walked slowly to the inner chamber of the

chapel ruins. Now, Barbara, my own, here we begin to tread the same life path. Here I shall solemnly swear to love you to the end. Barbara, you will promise to love me, care for me with all

your woman's heart, forever and forever?"
His low, murmurous voice held her in a thrall, delicious as magical. "Forever and ever, Gervaise, till death do us

He kissed her, and led her through the mossgrown door.

CHAPTER III.

"IF SHE BUT KNEW!"

It was a spacious place, with old, moth-eaten drapery, and a floor where luxuriant grass grew between the interstices of moldy stones.

At one end, it was inclosed by a hedge of pines, at the other the Passaic river flowed.

Above waved tree-tops, a low, tender music lingering in their branches.

An elderly gentleman, with pleasant blue eyes, awaited them.
"Barbara, dear, this is a friend of mine from

New York, who is empowered by the right of his office to marry. He is not a clergyman, but you do not object to being married by a justice

Barbara did not care. Why should she?

was not her marriage just as sacred solemnized

With luminous eyes she told her lover so, and turned to the gentleman.

"Not for your simply 'liking' him, Blanche. Of course we can all like every one we see, whereas love, particularly such love as you he turned to the gentleman.

he turned to the gentleman.

"Mr. Croyden, this is the lady of whom I spoke, Miss Lester. We are ready now."

Hand in hand, under the rooting of Nature's Eternal Temple, with the grand forest aisles about them, and the music of the soft summer winds their wedding hymn, the ceremony was received. spoken; Gervaise De Laurian had kissed his bride; the officiating gentleman had departed. "Mrs. Gervaise De Laurian, my wife! my

own beautiful bride! He whispered the words in her ear as they turned to retrace their steps.

A smile of perfect happiness answered him. "I am glad it is over, Barbara. I have some times feared of losing you. But now, never."
She laid her hand on his arm in a half-serious

"Gervaise, I have but one request to make. You will grant the first your wife asks? Promise you will not flirt any more with—with—"
"Blanche Chetwynd, you mean?" added he,
seeing her hesitate. "I can't promise; as you know, Barbara, a man can't help paying court to a pretty girl like little golden-haired Blanche. But, Barbara, can't you trust me? Remember,

Barbara uttered a cry. "Secret, Gervaise? Our marriage a secret? Oh, I never dreamed of such a thing." Her cheeks paled, then glowed as she spoke, while Gervaise De Laurian's eyes grew threat-

that as our marriage is to be kept secret-'

"Barbara, you must let me dictate, and without questioning my motives. I want you to distinctly understand I desire our marriage to be a profound secret, until you have my permission to divulge it."

His imperious tones seemed strangely at variance with his impassioned manner a moment before, and as Barbara De Laurian searched earnestly his handsome, flushed face, and met the light in his willful eyes, she began to realize she had found her equal in her husband; that even as she loved, so must she obey, in the strictest meaning of the word. Even as Gervaise loved her, would he rule over her.

While she had been so steadily regarding him, her beautiful lips apart in the astonishment she had felt at his language, he had abruptly laid his hand over her mouth, half-sau-

cily, half-tenderly.

"There, tiger-lily, do not gaze so reproachfully at me. I mean to do what is best for us both, and the only course is to retain our secret, for a while at least. You'll promise me,

There still lingered a despotism under his affectionate words; and what could Barbara do, but consent?

"Gervaise, I promise."
"I knew you would. And now I want another promise. You asked me not to flirt with Blanche Chetwynd. It is a hard one to keep, Barbara, for, though not so peerless as my royal bride, she is a sweet blossom, and it is far from

my nature to pass such by.'
Barbara grew stately. "But, Gervaise, you've no right to flirt again with any woman. You are my husband, and, as a married man, must not devote yourself to young ladies' society as you would have done an

Her earnest language burst from her eager lips as she laid her fair, warm hands on his

He smiled; a quick, lightning-like glance of amusement.

"You may be right, Barbara, but don't forget that only to each other are we married. But, will you promise what I was about to ask? never to think of Roy Davenal?" A hot flush shot over her cheeks, as she im-

"Will you never have done with that old-time engagement? Gervaise, Roy and I were mere children then; we never think of such things now. You know I care for no living

being but yourself." Her confession gratified him, and, as they came up to the gate, in the gathering dusk, he

kissed her.
"Go in now, my darling. Remember your He bowed, and she smiled her adieus, as she

turned down the path to the house.

Gervaise De Laurian paused and watched her as she walked along the narrow path, her green silken skirt rustling against the grass, her flushed face outlined against the gray sky.

"Beautiful temptress! she has ruined herself and me too, I fear! If she but knew, if she but knew, ever so vaguely! A bitter smile broke over his handsome face.

and he turned away.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SPIDER'S WEE

"BARBARA," said Blanche Chetwynd, as the two girls were sitting on the piazza, and her cheeks flushing as she went on, "do you know I am very much afraid I am allowing myself to think a great deal of Mr. De Laurian? Barbara started, but answered pleasantly:

Mr. De Laurian is a gentleman whom few women could dislike. She watched Blanche's face while she spoke.

"He certainly is handsome and agreeable; I have heard my father say the De Laurians were renowned for their courtliness and "Yes?" and Barbara's eyes betrayed the

interest she naturally experienced in her husband's relatives. Her inquiries and assents, though given in a quiet, indifferent manner, were only a mask to her eager anxiety.

"And the De Laurians are wealthy too, Bar-

bara. Not that money would influence me so far as Gervaise is concerned, but I think any girl would prefer a husband who possessed both wealth and beauty."

Her cheeks flushed deeper still as she poured out her sweet, girlish confidences. "So you have already decided to marry Mr. De Laurian, it seems, Blanche?"

A half amused smile played on Babara's lips as she spoke. Blanche laughed.

"Did I say so? Although, Barbara," and her eyes grew luminous with tenderness, while her voice mellowed to a low, confiding cadence, "I am not ashamed to admit that I love him his face.

She raised her eyes to Barbara's, that were You frighten me, indeed you do! flashing darkly.

You are not angry that I've made you my unsolicited secret?'

She spoke in deprecating sweetness of manner, for a dark, angry cloud had settled on Barbara's proud face.

the attentions of every gentleman you meet are When you are older you will learn that flirtations are more amusing than lasting. Besides, Blanche, there is another reason Her voice grew tender as she saw the pained

Laurian, Barbara?"

you reprove me for mine. Barbara's haughtiest curl of lip preceded her answer. "As a gentleman, I admire him; as a flirt, I detest him.

She asked the question in amazement.

Her clear, questioning eyes were intently regarding Barbara's face; and the dark cheeks

what the true reason was. But she returned Blanche's gaze firmly.

"It is a very simple one, Blanche, dear. Mr.

De Laurian is a most egregious flirt, and boasts

Slowly the blushes faded off Blanche's face.

she leaned nearer Barbara to confide the pre-

In Barbara's face were traces of a conflict,

bitterly severe. Should she not tell this trust-ing young girl the secret she herself despised,

and that, while it was heavily binding her down.

was as surely building a fearful chasm over which Blanche must fall.

She hesitated; the secret trembled on her

lips; the words were ready to be uttered that

should save them both from all the misery of

Then, like some foreshadowing cloud came

the memory of her husband's positive com-mands—and her love leveling all things before

it, she decided to allow circumstances to mold

It was a trifling decision, but mighty results depended thereon; and fate—and the Chetwynd Curse sealed the woe of the two fair women.

"You have been very imprudent, Blanche

and now that I have placed you on your guard against him, you are enabled to cease thinking

"I can not censure you, Blanche, for your devotion to him as your ideal man; for I think myself he is as perfect—setting aside his flirting

propensities—as any woman would want."

A smile that would have been mischievous.

had her heart been less full, lighted Blanche's face as she looked at Barbara.

bara; you are so warm in your admiration while

"Perhaps you are a wee whit jealous, Bar-

'Cease loving Gervaise, Barbara? I never

But the reason, Barbara?"

of his reputation as such

cious secret.

know I love him."

their future lifetime.

of him in so tender a manner.'

can, so long as I live!"

themselves.

even-kissed me."

'Kissed you? When?"

Her color deepened, and her heart throbbed she spoke the tame word "admire."

Admire Gervaise De Laurian! She, his wife! She drew her trailing skirts up in a handful of glowing crimson, and nodded a pleasant

adieu to Blanche. "I have letters to prepare for the next mail, Blanche. After dinner we will drive to Paterson for some notions I want."

On the shady piazza she left Blanche, sitting beside the window, where the snowy clematis was tossing its graceful spray.

On a rustic chair, her cheeks robbed of their flushes, her eyes full of a sad, wistful light, she leaned, her sun-bright head resting on her hand. A quick tread on the graveled walk aroused her from her transient reverie. She caught a glimpse of a face and form that made her spring in sweet confusion from her reclining

"Blanche, no, do not rise. I can find my-self a seat. Sit still, and tell me if you are glad Gervaise De Laurian's dark eyes, all alight

with a dangerous fire, were reading her thoughts that were all too plainly mirrored on her pink cheeks, in her soft black eyes. "Glad? I am always glad to see you, Mr. De Laurian

"I shall not believe it if you persist in addressing me so formally. My name is Gervaise, Blanche. She cast down her eyes under his ardent

"Gervaise, then," she repeated, almost under her breath, the varying tint on her cheeks paling and glowing.

"Thank you, cherie. Now, where are Mr. and Mrs. Chetwynd, and Miss Barbara?" He drew his chair nearer as he asked the

question. 'Mamma and papa are out driving with Rex, and Barbara has gone to her room to attend to her correspondents."

'Leaving you all alone-with me," he added, She did not reply, for there seemed nothing

"What do you suppose I came for, this morning, cherie?"
"I can easily guess. To practice 'Sweet

Genevieve with Barbara, or have a game of chess with Rex.' She smiled as she spoke, and looked up in

his face as he leaned carelessly back in his chair; and a thrill quivered through her as she saw how handsome he was. He did not smile a reply; his eyes were halfvailed by their long, golden-brown lashes, under

which he was intensely regarding her. Neither the song nor the game induced me to drive down. I came purposely to see a certain little girl, who is too modest to mention herself in the list of attractions.'

Blanche glanced up; but only for a second. His face told more than his words. With a sudden gesture, he pushed the chair away, and, extending both arms, went up to

"Can you not tell? do you not know, my darling, why I have come? It was to hear you say, 'Gervaise, I love you!' Will you say it, Blanche, even as I say to you, I love you? He drew her head to his breast, and, with the

lips that not a month before had greeted his bride, he kissed her pure mouth. "Say it, Blanche; say it quickly. You little know how I am starving for it."

He held his arms tightly around her, while

her hair streamed over his breast, and against | pleted 'Oh, Gervaise, let me go. Please, please!

Frighten you, my dainty lady-bird? Does my love alarm you, whom I would woo as confidant, Barbara? You're not vexed at my gently as a dove does its mate? Blanche, peraps you don't love me?"

Then she clung closer to him.
"I do! I do! Gervaise, I love you!" Her beautiful eyes told the secret her lips had

will engage ourselves, shall we?" He drew from his finger a solitaire diamond, too large for Blanche's taper fingers.

rious objection in so doing, although I prefer that my parents should be acquainted with it."
She plead with her eyes, though her lips concurred with his will.

bestow, is not to be frittered away on every in perfect ignorance. I specially insist upon gained

"That shall be exactly as you wish. Barbara shall never hear of our engagement until you tell her. There, Gervaise, does that satisfy lowed under that innocent gaze, as she realized She laid her warm fingers on his hair, while

he lay back in kingly grace against the chair, receiving her gentle caresses as naturally as though she had been created for that especial

As she spoke, a smile of triumphal pride and gratified delight spread over his face.

"That promise, faithfully kept, is all I ask. Now, my darling, I am sure I see the Chetwynd carriage entering the drive—yes, it is. Let me "Barbara, no! Gervaise has held my hand many a time; he has whispered to me often; he Like a molten surge the red tide returned as kiss you good-by, Blanche, darling, and after lunch I will come for you and Miss Barbara for a ride to the Falls, up at Paterson."

He arose, and took her in his arms, and kissed her again and again. Then he laid one hand Quickly, jealously, came the words.
"I can't say. I don't know. All I remember is that I feel sure he cared for me; that I

on her shoulder, and stood gazing intently on her scarlet face.

Neither heard footsteps, or knew of a preence, till Barbara's high, clear voice broke the delicious stillness.

(To be continued.)

The False Widow:

FLORIEN REDESDALE'S FORTUNE

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON, AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CECIL'S DE CEIT," "STRANGELY WED," "MADAME DU-RAND'S PROTEGES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV. THE BAL MASQUE.

"THE last day-the very last of all these bleasant sittings."
"Why, how dolefully you speak, Mr. Ken-One might suppose it to be the very last ay before the archangel's summons for the athering of the hosts. There is an end to all nings, you know. Don't, please, cloud the ast of our mornings here by such a gloomy hysiognomy."

"And you speak lightly as though it were not of the slightest moment that they are ended. As though it didn't bring us to the end of chapter which has run on so deliciously, en-trancingly smooth that I, at least, lost sight of the fact there must be an abrupt close to it. There, Miss Redesdale, I have put the last coral inge on the lips that are lifelike enough to speak, and the last glint of bronze to that won-drously lovely hair, and now—what do you think of yourself?"

"How can you expect me to pass judgment upon myself? But I will tell you what I think of the portrait as a portrait. I think you have made a willful mistake in supposing that this is not the branch of your profession you are bound to excel in. Why, you have caught the very expression of life—you have made me look as I only can look in my best and brightest moments. As a flattering representation it is perfect, Mr. Kenyon. There is magic in your

"But the spell of the enchantress is broken. "But the spell of the enchantress is broken. Do you suppose I could ever paint like that again? I have inhabited the realms of inspiration, and now I must go back to dull earth; I have had rosy ether and the pure gold of sunshine turn tangible under my touch, and after this I can only dip my brush in carmine and yellow ocher. I shall never accomplish another such wonderful work. And, apropos of my works, I have you to thank for the disposal of my 'Lorelie'—I am sure of it, notwithstanding your little attempt at mystification."

"Not me, certainly, Mr. Kenyon, if it is sold

"Not me, certainly, Mr. Kenyon, if it is sold. The cause of art and you are no more indebted to me than the score or so of Clotildes you have limned before now. I have not departed from the accustomed way, I do assure you." "Then I am at a loss indeed. 'Lorelie' is

gone, and the purchaser nameless; I thought—
I was presumptuous enough to hope you had encouraged me in that, because I wished it might be so. Odd that I should wish to be under further obligation to you, isn't it?"

"It would not have been placing you under obligation had I bought your picture; that is a bubble of opinion which you exploded, if you remember. The product of a man's brains worth the money paid for it as well as the work of his hands—and a picture embraces both. I am not impressionable, I think-no imaginatively so, but your 'Lorelie' affected me strangely and unpleasantly. It has haunted me since I saw it like both a reproach and a varning. If I were given to indulging those fancies called presentiments, I should think that our fates—Isola's, and yours, and mine vere in some way involved together; some bitter, painful, disastrous way. The impression is there and I can not banish it, foolish as it eems'

She was speaking more to herself than to im. He had busied himself putting away his brushes; something like a shade rested upon his face now that his task was completed and he turned to her.

'I did not carry out the fitting idea in that picture," said he. "I should have painted my self as the victim. I am just that far enchant ed with a delusively fair face, and held spellbound by siren tones-yours, Florien. Is the fatal simile to be followed out, or is there a counter-charm which shall give a heart to the Circe, heaven to her worshiper ?"

Florien swept up from her chair hastily. The young artist had been a pleasant companion. She had laughed with him, talked with him, sung with him-in fact, established one of those intimacies which it is always dangerous for man and woman to indulge. Sometimes one, sometimes the other, sinks beneath its delusive quick-sand; and now Florien comprehended all in a moment the dangerous quality of the ground she had been treading.

"Come, Mr. Kenyon, we are both growing morbidly fanciful, I think. The subject is an unhappy one, however different your execution Let me call mamma to pass her judgment on the portrait, now that it is com-

"Miss Redesdale!" He threw himself in her way and caught her hand, speaking with impetuous fervor. "Wait for one moment. I have been living in a dream these last two months—such a glorious dream !—which you can make reality if you will. Must I leave the new-found brightness of life—the inspiration which has caused a thing so lifelike as that to grow under my brush?"

Just then came a rustle of silk through the corridor, and Florien drew away her hand with "No—not that you've honored me with your confidence; for that I thank you. But I am sorry you are so girlish, so childish as to believe darling. I know you are mine, though, and we corridor, and Florien drew away her hand with a quick breath of relief. She was saved from darling. I know you are mine, though, and we utter a warning of how baseless his hopes were, before the door unclosed.

"Dreams are always disappointments, Mr. Kenyon—your future holds too much bright

"The interruption was opportune. As it is, I have not proposed, nor has she rejected me. A little more time and a great deal of unobtrusive "But I insist upon Miss Barbara's being kept devotion, and I flatter myself the reward is

He lingered after they were gone, cleaning his palette and packing his paraphernalia for removal. As he worked, he broke out singing some rollicking drinking chorus. The rich baritone voice floated out at the door, half open, reaching Florien's ear as she went down

the wide stairway. She paused to listen with a little smile upon her lips.

"And in another moment the boy would have declared himself on the very verge of hopeless despair. What a versatile nature it must be, or "—her face stallowed here—"did he not understand me after all? At any rate, my lovers are readily reconciled—Messieurs Lynne and Arnold, for examples."

She half laughed, half sighed at the recollec-

tion, and passed on, wondering if the reality of true and lasting love had gone out with the

times, as the cynics claimed. A week after that, somebody wound up the gayeties of the season by a bal masque. This somebody was one of the notables, owning a modern palace where "all the world" might gather, and in truth all the world was represented there that night.

The brilliant lights shone down on the usual general medley - nymphs, witches, peasants, courtiers, brigands - interspersed with wellknown characters from history and romance personated in the indifferent and inconsistent manner generally attained. Richard III carried his deformity side by side with a coquettish Girl of the Period. Good Queen Bess, in her immense ruff, was keeping company with a Crusader of the Twelfth century, while the Wandering Jew danced attendance on Mary of A fierce Bedouin monopolized a pretty Swiss flower-girl; a Spanish Don flirted with a gauze-winged angel, and a stalwart Buccaneer was holding a whispered consultation with a meek Sister of Charity. There was Night, with dusky, star-gemmed robes; Morning, a mass of fleecy clouds, gray, rosy, and purple-tinged Fire, vividly suggestive in scarlet silk and carbuncles which seemed ablaze as they caught the light. The Sea was represented, too, a tall, wil lowy figure in green satin roles, slimmering through a foam of snowy lace, with ornaments of shell and coral, and wreaths of sea-weed.

This figure was pausing under an arch where the crowd parted on either hand, when she was joined by a plain mask.

"The sea was never fairer, but your choice of character is not emblematic. Her worst enemy—if she has an enemy—could never charge the smiling deceit of the waters to Miss Redesdale.' "I can certainly trust to Mr. Lessingham's penetration;" she laughed. "Of a dozen who have accosted me you are the first to pierce the disguise. How comes it that you are not in

" Couldn't find one to suit, or couldn't suit myself to one, as you choose. Besides, I have been out of town, and only got back at the eleventh hour, which means just in time for a late dinner, and to dress for the occasion. I haven't discovered two others that I know in all this throng. Ab, there is one now, that Knight Templar with the gold cross on his shoulderthat is Marquestone, I'm sure."
"Yes, and the Lady Abbess carrying herself

"I see; and the Lady Abbess carrying herself in such a stately way is mamma."

"I see; and the colonel is making his way to join her. But who is that tall monk following so close? He is moving in their wake faithful as a shadow." "It is no one I know," Flerien answered, af-

ter a minute's observation. "There is not a gen-tleman among my acquaintances so tall unless it should be yourself, Mr. Lessingham. He quite overtops my recognition."

"And mine. Look and tremble, my fair young Sea, if you chance to be a truant. That is certainly old Neptune yonder wearing a

thunderbolt on his brow, and he is making straight for this very spot. Come and waltz with me if you would escape his wrath."

"How strange!" said Florien, with a glance

at the odd figure with streaming hoary hair "Who can he be? What a queer coinci-"Not a coincidence, I am sure. It is some one who has costumed himself to be in keeping

But I kept it strictly a secret."

with your character.'

"My dear Miss Redesdale, you have a maid, have you not ?- and maids always have vulnerpoints.' She took his arm and they moved in the diection of the dancing hall, eluding Neptune in

"He shall be punished for his presumption, whoever he is," said Florien. "Will you undertake the task of keeping me clear of him?"

"If you will honor me with the trust."
They whirled away with the dancers at that.
Though Aubrey had penetrated her disguise, scarcely another in the room had guessed it, but now a general buzz and whisper went round.

"The Sea?—ah, yes. By Jove, it's the Redesdale, sure. No one else ever waltzed like that. Who is the mask?—oh! Lessingham. See that old Neptune watching the two; looks

stormy, doesn't he? Odd conceit throughout. The waltz ended, Aubrey led her away There was an open window temptingly near and without a balcony flooded with the radi ance of the full moon. ance of the full moon. They passed through, and he dropped the curtains after them. It was May, now, and the balmy night air was most refreshing after the ciffic refreshing after the stifling atmosphere within. They were quite alone under the clear night

Both took off their masks, and then walked up and down the moonlit space, saying little but blissfully forgetful of all the world beside themselves.

Such a moment, such quiet, peaceful influence about them, such harmony of responsive rapture in their souls—it was not possible for the time to pass without the "old, old story being told again.

They had paused unconsciously in their walk, their eyes met, and words were scarcely needed to complete the declaration of their loves. But, words came at last, their murmur soft as the coo of turtle-doves, their import the same sweet nothingness which means so much to those who acknowledge themselves loving and

"I think I lost my heart to you that night two years ago," Aubrey said at last. "I have never forgotten your face as I saw it first, sweet, shy, distressed, laughing and defiant, all at once. I believe I should always have realized a vague sense of my loss had I never been nearer or more to you than I was that night. Hearts will assert themselves at first sight sometimes even in our day, Florien. My Florien-

my very, very own!"

He had her hands in his, and the moon shone upon their faces so bright and tender with the

new-found happiness. The curtains near them rustled under a parthand. A masked face looking out, saw

"She would have refused me," Louis thought. drawn, and the draperies settled back into

place.
"It was the mask—Neptune," she answered Aubrev's questioning. "Who can it be? His Aubrey's questioning. "Who can it be? His eyes were like flame when he glared out at

"One of a score of disappointed lovers, Flor-ry. You will discover him when they unmask at supper. To think you should prefer me of

But when the time for unmasking came, Nepane was nowhere to be seen Meantime, while love pleaded eloquently and irresistibly, another and a very different scene was transpiring at no great distance from the

Colonel Marquestone had received his answer punctually the day following that one when he had driven through Central Park with his fiancee. The marriage day was fixed for early autumn, and the colonel, though remonstrating at the delay, was forced to be content. Mrs. Redesdale stipulated, too, that their secret should be kept a secret still. What she feared and yet waited for, she best knew; but as time pa she regained the certainty of security which had been so shaken.

There in the throng of those glaring rooms, but with their individuality obscured from those about them, and secure from interruption as if he had been alone with her in her own drawingrooms, the colonel was begging for a shorten-

ing of the term.

"It is cruel of you to ask me to wait," he urged.

"I'll own up to the truth, and you must admit that I've had excuse for being suspicious -I can't trust you while there's the chance of a slip-game for the third time. Marry me out of hand, and keep it secret afterward, if you care to—if you have any thing to gain by doing so. What do you say?"

so. What do you say:
"That you are forgetting your vows, my Knight Templar. See the cross of your order upon your shoulder and think of the consequen-

Bother the rubbish! Sink that, Mirette, and be fair with me. Come-say, next week." "Next month perhaps. No, not another remonstrance or I may take back that concession. And a little word of warning in your ear, my gallant colonel. Don't dare to be jealous-you must know that you haven't the slightest rea-

"I'm not so sure," answered the colonel, in savage undertone. "Mirette, who the dev-fuis that cowled monk who has followed you like a gray shadow all the evening? It will be a dangerous business if you attempt making a cat's paw of me again."

"I shall not attempt it. Can't you be satisfied with my assurance? I have seen no monk.

"There, at your back, watching every mo-tion of yours, as he has done for an hour." She wheeled about at that suddenly. A few feet away the monk was standing, though apparently without his attention fixed upon her now. She had learned to be on her guard of late, and the dizzy whirl of her brain—the spasm of dread which assailed her, were so quickly passed, her companion did not suspect them.

"It was only your imagination, Granger," she said, slipping her hand under his arm.

*Come away, and see if he follows again."

He did not follow, as Mrs. Redesdale pointed out triumphantly,
"Don't be so foolish again, Colonel Marquestone. Of all things I never could abide a jeal-

ous husband." "Of that you should be the best judge," re-torted the colonel. But he let his watchfulness die away, satisfied that he had been imaginative, convinced of it when he saw that the monk had disappeared a few moments later.

He left his fiancee presently, and went to

dance with one of the flower-nymphs who laughingly importuned him. "Go by all means," Mrs. Redesdale said. "I shall not be jealous, Granger."
Ten minutes after she too had disappeared.

In a little cloak-room above-stairs, where a single light was burning, whose door was clo shut and bolted, she stood face to face with the monk!

CHAPTER XXV.

THREATENING DANGER AND THICKENING PLOT. THEY stood so for a moment, and then the monk's disguise fell back, and he stood revealed, the same bronzed and bearded man whose appearance so startled her in the Park.

She untied her mask, and removed it deliberately as though no critical issue was involved in this meeting—as though such "hobnobbing with Fate" was nothing aside from the comnon events of daily life.
"It is really and truly you, Alec? What a romantic manner of appearing—like a Death's-head at a feast, only you are flesh and blood,

aren't you? The very first ocular demonstration I've been blessed with of the dead returning to life. Of course you know that I thought you were dead." "That you hoped it, you mean—and believed it, doubtless. The bleaching bones of victims on such barren islands as the one from which I was rescued, oftener hint at such tales as I have

to tell, than living men are spared to repeat

them. "What an intensely-interesting experience you must have had! I'm all curiosity to hear it, but the pleasure must be deferred, I'm afraid. The Robinson Crusoe sort of life certainly has agreed with you, Alec. Indeed, if I was to advise, I really think you couldn't do better than return to your isolated estate—'be monarch of all you survey!' I suppose the aberigines scarcely penetrated your retreat. Wasn't it rather tiresome, though, without even a man Friday to share your solitude?" "Mirette! Good God! are you a woman and

so utterly heartless? Can you stand and face me—me whom you left to die there alone, and speak thus of the suffering you know I endured? And to think that I hesitated to return blow for blow. To think that you should be reigning now in your evil triumph after the wrong you would have done me!"

'It is incomprehensible—rather, but I'm confident I can trust to your discretion, Alec. always were a generous, forgiving soul. But—they will be going down to supper soon, and I really feel the need of a pate and wine after the shock you have given my nerves. One needs sustenance even under the weight of joyful tidings. Shall we resume our masks, Ale Yours has not been put off, I think. How

will it be when your exposure comes? "If it comes. As I said before, I can trust to your discretion. Are you coming?" 'No more than you are going. You are a cool hand, Mirette, to go back into that throng with a revelation hanging over you which can

not fail to compass your ruin."
"Don't indulge in any thing dramatic, Alec; I would form such an unappreciative audience. And do let us reach the point, if there is one to each. I confess it would not be pleasant to have any one interrupt us here.

"What are you made of that you have nei-ther fear for yourself, nor feeling for another? it firstations are more amissing than lasting. Sides, Blanche, there is another reason."

Her voice grew tender as she saw the pained by in Blanche's eyes.

"A reason why I shouldn't like Gervaise De arrange for Blanche's eyes.

"A reason why I shouldn't like Gervaise De arrange for Blanche's taper inngers.

"Never mind; you can wear it on your future holds too much bright by that means keep our better. You will not tell any one of it, for a time?"

"A reason why I shouldn't like Gervaise De arrange for Blanche's taper inngers.

"Kenyon—your future holds too much bright promise to be wrecked on any thing so intangible. Do you comprehend the moral?—don't dream. Ah, you, mamma! I was just about going for you."

"If such is your desire, Gervaise, I see no se-bling for another? You thought me dead, and my appearance before you makes no more apparent impression than if you were in no way compromised. But going for you."

"It such is your desire, Gervaise, I see no se-bling for another? You thought me dead, and my appearance before you makes no more apparent impression the silken curtain Florien turned that way and going for you."

"It such is your desire, Gervaise, I see no se-bling for another? You thought me dead, and my appearance before you makes no more apparent impression the silken curtain Florien turned that way and going for you."

"It such is your desire, Gervaise, I see no se-bling for you." uttered a startled exclamation as she met the fiery glance; then the face was instantly withwhowing it must come."

"You are apt at inference. Perhaps you will explain why you have waited; that day was—how long ago?—a month or more. Permit me though if I am to be detained." She wheeled about a chair which stood there, and seated herself under the single light, her head thrown back and her gaze meeting his, a mocking, smiling expression on her face. Yet

mocking, smiling expression on her face. Yet she was quivering beneath all, and this forced composure was a terrible strain upon her. "Why have I spared you this long? It seems incredible that I should care to spare you, does it not? After weeks too which seemed as years on that little sand-bank in midst of a

boundless sea—time to brood over my wrongs, and store up vengeance against you. And I suffered there until it makes my brain reel even now to remember.' "How did you escape?" she asked. "You were like one dead when I was rescued. I

thought-well, hoped then-that it was out of the range of vessels. I am sure the sailors said

"It was. I was found and taken away by a party of natives from some one of the larger islands further to the south. They belonged to a peaceable tribe, and were partly civilized; had they been savages they would undoubtedly have killed me upon the spot, so weak and ut-

ly defenseless was I."
And not one left to carry the tale," she murmured. " well, what then?"

They took me with them to their own settlements. They had missionaries among them, and trading-posts established on their coasts. I was well treated, and permitted to depart on the first vessel which touched, after I was suf-

"How you disappoint me, Alec. Not a hair-breadth escape nor a thrilling adventure! Besides a little wholesome solitude, no greater hardships than I met and endured! You would never make a fortune at writing up a book of your experience as I thought of suggesting. I really can not comprehend those horrible sufferings you pleaded. Where did they come in,

pray?"
"Think of weeks upon weeks on that little patch of land, myself seeming the only soul in the universe, the waters stretching away on every side, and not a speck to break the whole expanse. Too weak to walk, I could only crawl from place to place, finding food enough to sustain life in the snails and muscles which the tide washed up. Not suffer! My God! There were days when my brain was one surge of liquid fire, when the blood plowed like hot lead through my veins."

He was walking up and down the little room, his face blanching even now at the recollec-

"And I was tortured mentally too. I could imagine how you were betraying the trust which I would have faithfully fulfilled. I only wonder that I lived at all. I would have died but for thoughts of my child—of the baby-girl I was weak enough to give up for you years

ago.
"I dreamed of her once, a dream so vivid that

it has been with me ever since.
"I thought that I was somewhere groping in thick darkness. Far above was one little gleam of light toward which I strained my eyes continually, and, at last, after what seemed ages of hopeless despair, I was borne up, and the light grew larger and brighter as I neared it.

"Then all at once I was standing in Heaven's sunlight. I tried to form a prayer of thanks giving, but my heart was like lead, and my lips moved without uttering a sound. An evil spell seemed upon me. Something by my side, which was a shadow at first, gradually took form, and you were standing there with just the mocking smile on your face which you are wearing

now.
"You were pointing back into the depths of darkness from which I had risen.
"'Look!' you said; 'You have escaped, but

she shall perish!

"I looked. I was powerless to resist. And wavering over that dark abyss I saw a fair young girl-a girl in spotless white robes and with a glory of yellow hair waving about her, and as I saw her the conviction came to me that this was my own child. While she trembled there upon the verge, you put out your hand and pushed her over; she threw out her arms and turned her face with the agony of death upon it as if imploring help of me. I sprung forward and awoke.

I have never been able to shake off the impression of that dream. Where is she, Mirette

-where is my daughter?" "How should I know? She went to Europe years ago with her adopted mamma; I know

nothing of her since that.' "It is false. You made me your dupe when you imposed that story on me. Mrs. Snow—I have learned her name after all your keeping it from me, you see—went to Europe, died there, but she did not take the child along. I am positive of that. Where is she, Mirette

You who knew of Mrs. Snow's movement then, must know what she did with my girl." Mrs. Redesdale dropped her eyes away from his face for the first. This man held her destiny as it were in his hands, could twist it any way and her only chance was to blind him for

time, while she should consummate her ends. And he himself had shown her the way he might be led. Mirette, where is she?" Suppose I know, do you think I would tell
Restore the girl and have you push me

over into the depths—that is the way it would end. No, thank you; I prefer even the insefooting of the dizzy hight and your strength pitted against me."
"You do know where she is. Give her back

to me unharmed, and I can forgive you every My dear Alec, I am not craving your forgiveness. That is a boon not worth the asking—certainly not a prize with which to tempt me. Say now, well-that you will leave me

unmolested, that you will never assert, by deed or word, that you have known me to be other 'You should know me better than to ask that. No, Mirette, good will not spring out of evil, and I will not buy my knowledge by such means. I shall find my daughter with your aid

or without it. I may have difficulties to overcome, but I will find her. I shall make it the great aim of my life until I do." Men take up with hobbies sometimes for lack of any thing better; you may take up a Quixotic search for yours. This I assure you,

you may spend all your life, but you will never If she lives I will." "Then she is dead-to you. You will gain nothing by deposing me, Alec; you will lose your only chance of ever finding the girl. I am defrauding no one, and certainly you are not wishing to urge any claim upon me. I think you are as well content as I am to let the old life lie buried. Go your way and leave me to

follow mine; it is your only chance of ever finding her. began again the restless pacing up and down the room, which he had stopped for a moment. Sounds of merriment from the hrong penetrated the closed room, but no one

approached it. For full five minutes there was silence between them, and then he paused,

'I have left you undisturbed this long, Miette. I wanted to see if you had any new deviltry in hand, and to discover how far you had acted fairly by Miss Redesdale. If you will promise to give up every thing to her eventual--every thing her father's wife was entitled to hold—I will give you a reasonable time to re-nounce the honors which you are wearing, in whatever way you may choose. I have no wish to denounce you and give the whole affair pub-licity; if you care to make your own explanations privately—honestly, mind—I will give you a month, or three months, if you like, to do it. That if you restore my child; otherwise, I will go with the whole story to the trustees to-morrow and let them take their own

"I will agree to it," she said, after a mo-ent's deliberation. "I don't know where ment's deliberation. "I don't know where your daughter is. Mrs. Snow left her in oung ladies' school where she was educated for a music teacher, nursery governess, or some-thing of the kind. She left there a year ago, but I'll undertake to find her for you. You discovered no trace of her further than you have

"Scarcely a trace, but what might lead to I bought a picture a week ago, and one of the figures in it wears the very face which I saw in my dream, her face, I am sure, painted If you try to evade me, I shall hunt up the artist and unravel the skein in another

"And be disappointed in finding your pictured face a purely fanciful creation. Your daughter is not the yellow-haired angel you

say, if I remember her rightly."
To herself she was thinking: "It will be no impossible matter to find an affectionate child for such an anxious father. The streets of New York may even supply a yellow-haired angel, if he insists on it-fallen angel though she may be. And three months leave margin enough to work in.'

"If you deceive me—if you dare to deceive me in any way, I will show you no mercy— none!" She shrunk before the flash of his eyes, fixed sternly upon her, wondering with a horrified thrill if her face had reflected her thought. But she was herself in a moment, impassive

"Don't be melodramatic, Alec. We shall not have our little act ending in a tragedy. Give me an address where I can find you, and give me my own time. I shall both act and re port promptly, but I may be out of the city for a week or a month, as the case is, and you mus

He gave her the address, and made no effort to detain her when she offered to go. He watched her out of the door, and sunk into the seat she had vacated, with a heavily drawn

If I was not so hampered just now, I would not trust to her, but she can not play a wrong no matter how much inclined. My little game, no matter how much inclined. girl! For her sake I must be patient and work up those claims. I shall have to trust to Mirette, for all my seeking was without re-

And Mrs. Redesdale had paused in a shadowy nook of the stairway to push the damp hair up from her forehead, and take a long, deep breath before she adjusted her mask. "How it has tired me! But I have beaten

him down, hoodwinked him, as I shall continue to do the end with all of them. She was back with the company in time for

unmasking at the supper-table, and few, if any, observed the absence of the monk, who had haunted her steps like a gray shadow during the early part of the evening. She sought out Florien and carried her away

at the earliest permissible hour, but the moon-light and starlight were lost in the darkness which precedes the dawn as they were driven

through the silent streets.

The sleepy footman, who opened the door, stopped her with a card he had ready. Florien, quite unobservant, ran up the stairs lightly, as though there was no such a thing as fatigue, or as if she had not been dancing half the night. Mrs. Redesdale waited till she was quite out of sight, holding the pasteboard after one glance

Unconscionable as the hour was even for a jealous suitor to present a claim, Louis Kenyon

was there awaiting her return. She found him more excited than she had een him since that memorable interview after her trip to the coast. He was standing, glower ing through a window at the darkness without ut wheeled about at sound of the opening

What brings you here at such a time, Louis? You might advance your interests better by acting upon the suggestions I give you; and Neptune, whose appearance was of such brief dura tion, let The Sea be whisked away under his very eyes."

My eyes did me service, at any rate-and my ears, too. Do you know how matters are progressing, Mrs. Redesdale?" He never called her nother now, even when alone together. "Your beautiful stepdaughter, whom you have been so confidently promising to me, accepted Lessing-

Another obstacle! She set her lips close, as she turned her angry glance upon him.
"You let it come to that? What inexcusable mismanagement. I trusted you to make your

own impression, and your own way. "It is not my fault if I fail, as I don't acknowledge to having done yet. I haven't undertaken this game to throw up the sponge while there's one chance left. If you will co operate, there is still a desperate remedy which nay avail us.'
"What?"

And in the glimmering gray before the rosy inges of the dawn, he unfolded his hastily-constructed plot.

(To be continued - Commenced in No. 149.)

A NEW SERIAL ROMANCE BY THE AUTHOR OF

Red Rajah," "Double-Death," "Rock Rider," etc.

THE reader has a new treat in store, for we have from Mr. Whittaker's hand a sea and shore romance, which, in several particulars, is one of the most captivating stories that has yet fallen from his delightful pen. It is

THE SEA CAT; The Witch of Darien. A STORY OF THE BUCCANEERS.

In which Morgan, the celebrated Sea Rover and enemy of the Spaniards, plays out an episode in his astonishing career that is literally enthralling as a narration, it may be anticipated with all curiosity and interest, for it will fully answer, in its exciting and thrilling narrative, any expect-

LOOK OUT FOR IT.

GRUMBLE NOT.

BY C.

Ah, me! I sigh and moan,
Why must I wander in sorrow alone?
Why can not I my ambition attain
Without any trouble, without any pain?
Why must I linger in misery here.
While the friends whom I love and revere
Have left forever this mundane sphere,
And gone to a one more bright and dear?

And as I sigh, as I sit and think
Of the days to come, so do my lips drink
The words that seem from my soul to flow
As the snow-flakes from the Heavens go:
It is not for mortals to lift the vail,
And with the vision their sight regale;
So bear your cross—grumble not
At what you term your unhappy lot!"

A New Way of Getting a Wife.

BY FREDERICK DEWEY.

" MISS CARTLIDGE!" "Well?"

"Will you be my wife?" "I-that is-you are so abrupt-it is so sud-

"Will you marry me?"
"Oh, Mr. Webster!"

"Will you be my wife?"
"No! there!" and Miss Cartlidge turned red nd white rapidly. "Whew! you don't mean to say so! How relieved I am! You don't' know how apprehensive I was that you would consent.

Hurrah!"
"Sir!" and petite, brown-eyed Nellie Cartlidge flashed upon him a look of anger.
"Hurrah! Miss Cartlidge, you have made

me a happy man."
"Please allow me to withdraw my arm "I would much rather you wouldn't.

hand is in my breast pocket and I have left my gloves at the hotel. I cut my finger this morning and I am afraid I will take cold in it if I take it out. This sea-breeze is deuced chilly. "If you are a gentleman, sir, you will oblige me by complying with my demand.

"I am not a gentleman. I am a lawyer."
"Frank Webster, I did not think this of you; did not indeed. Her eyes were looking up into his with a sad, surprised expression in their bonny brown

depths. He winced. "Pardon me—forgive my impertinence!" he said, with sudden gravity. "I am very rude. There! your arm is at liberty, Miss Cart-

The wee, charming creature swept him graceful, freezing courtesy and marched off to the distant hotel. He watched her for a moment, then lit his cigar with a sigh.

"Ah, me! I guess I'll go back to town tomorrow. I hate the coast. By thunder!" he

resumed, with sudden vehemence, "she would make a capital wife. There is no extravagance or nonsense about her—that is a fact." Webster was about twenty-eight, capable in everything, but wonderful as a detective-lawyer. Give him an intricate case to carry through

His subtle, ferret-like brain would squirm and twist, argue and perceive, and eventually win. He was known as "Honest" Webster; a name given, not in malice or a spirit of burlesque, but in respect and esteem. He was in good practice and was rapidly accumulating a snug In addition to his mental powers he had a cool, exasperating indifference, and a large share

of native effrontery vulgarly styled "cheek." And he never betrayed agitation, no matter how disappointed and embarrassed he might bean invaluable quality for a lawyer.

Miss Nellie Cartlidge was a sweet, confiding minx with a large amount of honest uncommon

sense, without being aware of it. She was very candid but not rude; extremely sensitive without imagining every one was continually making remarks about her; and her father was comfortable She went to the hotel, prepared for dinner, chatted a half-hour with her bosom friend—and

kept Webster's rejection to herself. You see this very uncommon young lady was something decidedly out of the ordinary course-craving the pardon of the confiding sex.

Webster smoked a cigar after dinner, went on

the piazza and saw Nellie gracefully amusing a omantic-looking lieutenant in white gloves, fierce mustache, and self-possession. He threw ner a kiss. She deliberately turned her back to im, then looked anxiously over her shoulder the next second to see whether he noticed the He did and smiled knowingly, then lazily started away toward the chiffs.

Impudence!" she exclaimed, red and white 'I did not understand you, Miss Cartlidge,' nsinuated the lieutenant, bowing low with an

irresistible smile. "Oh, nothing; only some people are so dis-

The lieutenant's mustache twisted a trifle. "I "Oh, I did not mean you!" she hastily declared. "I think you are so different from many rude people here."

Webster stood outlined on the summit of a cliff for a moment, looking out over the sea. Then he sat down, evidently to remain for a

Nellie was suddenly seized with a vehement desire to walk on the cliffs. The lieutenant felt flattered and a little exultant. His dissipation bills were very large and he was very well acquainted with her, and he thought here was a splendid opportunity to get a wife and satisfy his creditors, and so kill two birds with one

He was a man accustomed to sudden changes, to instantly obey commands without stopping to consider them, and to lead forlorn hopes. In the army he was known as Tiger Rogier. They were almost half way to the cliffs, and concealed from the hotel, when after reflecting

a moment, he spoke: A bachelor's life is a dreary one, Miss Cartlidge.'

"Yes, very much so. And especially when the bachelor is in the army." "I supposed that the army was a prolific source of gayety and amusement.

Well, yes; at times. When quartered in a sprightly town where is good society it is very pleasant. But you will excuse me when I say that at certain times it is devilish dull." "And the officers use such refined language

too. She was a little vexed at his freedom of speech. He saw it and hastily endeavored to correct it. He had lost at the start.

"Please pardon me!" he said. "I only spoke

thus by way of strong emphasis. Do not think I habitually swear. He was the wildest, profanest man in his company, and she was well aware of it. way of an answer she only smiled ironically.

She changed the subject.
"There is Frank Webster yonder. He is a queer one.'

He is very eccentric," she replied, languidly. "Honest Webster;" he said, with an almost imperceptible sneer. She noticed it instantly.

"He is honest—very deserving of his name. For probity Mr. Webster is quite famous."
Webster was quite close and heard the mention of his name, though not aware of the connection. He turned and looked at her steadily. She was leaning on the officer's arm, regarding his face with a gracious smile. She was evidently pleased with his company

dently pleased with his company.

They came on, and Nellie by some unaccount able caprice smiled sweetly and laughed at every word the lieutenant uttered. The latter was pleased and slackened his pace, gazing

down at her familiarly.

The cliff was high and precipitous at this place, and the path wound down on the side, on a sort of a ledge on which two persons could not walk abreast. Webster was on the narrowest part of the ledge. He was lighting a fresh cigar when they descended, and when he had finished they were close upon him. Respectfully lifting his hat he stepped aside to allow them to pass, politely giving them the inner and safe side. It was a close position, and he was obliged to exert all his strength in bracing himself to prevent being dashed to pieces below. But he would have done it safely had not Nellie's foot slipped on a pebble. Her foot struck his sharply. He threw up his arms, reeled, then disappeared over the brink.

She grasped the lieutenant, gazing with livid face and dilated eyes down the cliff where he

had disappeared, every moment expecting to hear his cry of agony as he was dashed to pieces below. The hardy officer accustomed to death in its most revolting and horrible forms felt his heart beat slower and slower and the blood leave his face. But his presence of mind never deserted him and he sturdily clung to his fair companion to keep her from falling, for she was

For nearly thirty seconds they held their breath, and listened in fearful silence. No sound was heard. The lieutenant cautiously peered over the brink while she sunk half faint ing against the cliff, awaiting the dreaded dis

"Great Heavens!" shouted Rogier. "He is hanging to a bush close by !" She darted to his side, now fearless of the awful proximity to the brink. She looked over.

He was hanging with ghastly face to a small shrub which bent under his weight so the roots were slowly giving way. In a few short me Quickwitted Tiger Rogier was in his element

You stay right here!" he commanded. won't be gone but a second."
"For Heaven's sake be quick!" she gaspedit Oh, my darling!"

Rogier was speeding already on his way to the boat landing just at the bottom of the cliff, for a rope. He flew like a hurricane, braving tremendous leaps and darting like a chamois long the brink of the steep cliff.

The roots still kept moving, moving, and now and then a clod of earth dropped from them. They could not hold him up long. She could not see his face for it was pressed closely to the cliff. The muscles of his hands stood out like whipcords and the blood had settled in the tips of his fingers. They were undergoing an im-

She wrung her hands in agony and looked down the cliff. Rogier had disappeared. He was undoubtedly at the landing. It had taken him only a few seconds to descend. It would take him as many minutes to climb the steep cliff. Meanwhile the roots were giving, faster and faster each moment. As she wrung her hands they touched a scarf which hung at her shoulder. With the rapidity of thought with which women are blessed when those they love are in danger she grasped this. It was strong

and tightly woven and would hold a large Spreading her skirts loosely about she passed her foot round a projecting rock behind her,

then lay flat along the ledge, and dropped one end of the scarf to him. "Take this!" she said, wildly. "Take it, for God's sake.

"I can't!" he groaned, with averted face. 'I can't."

"Yes, you can. I will pull you up." "You are not strong enough. It will drag "No, it won't! I have the strength of a

She had at that moment.

"I will die alone!" he groaned.
One root gave entirely away. She shrieked.
"Will you marry me if I will?" he asked, not even looking up. His voice was forced and gasping. Oh, yes! to-night, to-morrow ! any time. Oh

for Heaven's sake, my darling, take hold."
"I guess I'll wait for Tiger," he calmly said letting go his hold of the bush, which flew up, almost striking her in the face. In her fright she had nearly fainted and fal-

len over the brink. Then amazement succeeded terror. Instead of falling, and with a cry of agony being dashed to pieces below, he stood with his hands in his pockets calmly regarding her.

dropped on the ledge. I am perishing for a She was astonished, and clasped her hands.

What does it all mean "It means that I am standing on a second edge, but I wouldn't be if it were not for that plessed bush. So don't be alarmed, my angel. I am safe, only bruised considerably. edge is not very wide, but still I can spend a few moments very cosily here if you will drop down my match-safe. I caught the bush when fell you know, and my feet touched the ledge and stuck there by instinct. I can wait, comfortably for a few minutes till Tiger comes with a rope. Are you ever going to drop down the match-safe?"

'No; I am not. That revenge is at least in my power. You were very cruel to try my feelings so."

"I am a brute, my angel. Please toss my match-safe down; please do.'
"I will not! there."

"You don't know how sorry I am-" You were very "It makes no difference. You were very, very cruel to frighten me so. I will now have a little revenge at least."

"Are you going to marry me to-night?" he maliciously asked, with that exasperating smile for which he was noted. "No, sir! I am not, and I have a good mind

You can't do that." "Why ?"

of rare tenderness. "Because you love me, my angel."
"I do, I do!" she whispered.
Great was Rogier's amazement when he fished him up, alive, and with Nellie looking very

His features changed their expression to one

happy and very charming.
"What does, it all mean? Why, are you not dead?" "It means that as my coat-tails are torn comoletely off, and as I have lost my hat, and as my

face is dirty and bruised, it is a startling descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. And," passing his arm tenderly round Nellie's waist, means that I have invented a new way of getting a wife."

THE WANDERER'S LAMENT.

Musings by the sea-shore.

BY CHARLES OLLIVANT.

Alone upon a foreign etrand,
Alone in my adopted home,
With no dear friend to take my hand,
To say unto me: "Come—oh, come!"

Ah! little dream the timid youth Who stay at home at ease, What thoughts of sad and bitter ruth Come unto those who cross the seas.

They know not what it is to be Away from all held dear; None but a stranger's face to see-A stranger's voice to hear.

No more a mother's care to bless, When stricken down by sickness No more to feel the soft caress Of that fair being you adore.

Ah, yes, 'tis hard alone to dwell Afar from friends and home— A truth that only those can tell Whose fate has been to roam.

And yet, the life in foreign climes Is rife with troubles and alarms, Unto the spirit there are times When life there hath its charms. 'Tis when the air is pure and light,.

The sky is deeply blue,
The orb of day is shining bright,
The breeze is tresh with dew. And when unto the eyes unfold Views picturesque and grand; The sunset with its crown of gold, The lights and shades of sea and landi-

To see in majesty appear
The glorious Queen of Night—
A warning to us mortals here
Our Savior's power to slight.

The mountain with its lofty crest Robed in perennial snow— A monument of peace and rest To toilers in the vale below. The ocean too imparts delight,
In tempest and in calm;
The former makes the spirit light—
The latter gives it balm.

When sadly on the shore you stand,
The wild waves madly leap,
You feel they're under God's comman .,
That at His word they sleep.
And when the waves are hushed and still,
All bathed in mounit sheen;
Oh! then the soul doth drink its fill
Of heavenly thoughts serene.

The heart ascends in joy to Him
Who made this world so fair;
And from the lips goes forth a hymn
In praise of all His care.

David Herrick's Ruse.

BY JAMES B. MENLEY.

One farmer Graham sat in his large easychair, looking the very picture of contentment. His daughter, Mary, about eighteen years of age, sat on a little stool at his feet, and, with her chin resting on his knee, was looking in his face with a wishful look.

"You say this city chap has asked you to be his wife" said the old farmer, looking at his child over the top of his brass-rimmed spectacles.

"Yes, father," replied the blushing girl.

"No doubt he's one of those shiftless, good-

for-nothing city loungers," continued the farmer. "Can he earn his own living?" "He will be here to-night to see you, and will answer you himself," said Mary, as she left the room to answer the shrill call of her mother.

Mary Graham was an only child, and her gruff old father naturally desired to see her comfortably settled down in life, ere he took his departure for another world. That evening when David Herrick (the city chap), entered the old farm-house, he proceed-ed directly to the cosy sitting-room, where the

old man sat, and, presenting his case, asked for favorable answer. "What are you good for? How much are you worth?" asked the farmer.
"I am worth about ten thousand dollars," re-

plied David, a little indignantly. "Left to you by some relative or friend, no-doubt. Look at those white hands of yours. You couldn't earn a meal of victuals for your-self, let alone a wife. The man that marries

the sweat of his brow. As you can't do that, you had better be off as soon as possible." David Herrick was compelled to acknowledge that what the farmer had said was so. But he determined to go to work and earn his own living, or, at least, show the farmer that he could.

my daughter must be able to earn his living by

One morning, about a week after the above conversation had taken place, the old farmer stood in his doorway, wondering how somuch work was to be done, and no one to. help him do it, when he was accosted by a rather verdant-looking youth as follows: "Morning, squire. I heerd yer wanted to hire a hand for hayia'. Think I'll do?"

Farmer Graham glanced at the uncombed hair and dirty-looking hands of the applicant, and was quite satisfied that he would do, for he Yes, guess you'll do. What's your name?"

"Jeremiah Hopkins," replied the man.

Jerrie was engaged and set to work, and atfirst was rather awkward with rake and pitch-"Please toss me down my match-box?" he first was rather awkward with rake and pitch-said. "I had it in my hand when I fell and it fork, but after a day or two he got along ad-Mary, in the meantime, was mourning for her absent lover, and looked pale and despondent, until one day, when the squire was absent in town, the hired man coolly walked into the kitchen, where Mary was, and, removing his wig and beard, stood gazing at her.

"Oh, David!" said Mary, as she gave a little

scream Then both of them sat down and talked the matter over until it was nearly time for the old farmer to return, and then David replaced his lisguise and resumed his work. Farmer Graham soon noticed that his child

ooked brighter and happier, lately, than usual, out was unable to account for it. At the end of the having season, the hired man announced his intention of leaving, and,

after he had received his money, he said: "Would you object, squire, to giving me a, little recommend, something that says the bearer is a good farm hand, and able to earn his

own living?" "Oh, no; I'll do so with pleasure," replied the farmer, as he sat down and wrote the desired recommendation.

A few days after the hired man had departed. David Herrick returned again and asked farmer Graham for the hand of his daughter. "Can you earn your own living yet?" asked the farmer, glancing at the now sunburnt

hands and features of David. "Oh, yes," replied David. "Got any proof that you can?" inquired the old gentleman. "Yes," answered David, and, taking the re-

commendation from his pocket that he had received from the farmer, he handed it to him and watched his features as he perused it. Why!" said the astonished farmer, laying the paper down, "this paper don't belong to you. You are not Jeremiah Hopkins."

Ain't I?" replied David, as he rapidly adjusted a wig and beard. Light began to dawn on the puzzled brain of

the farmer, and he said:
"Take her, my boy. You've won her."
A wedding came off shortly after, "the hired man" and Mary being the happy ones.





NEW YORK, MARCH 29, 1873.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United Stated in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a new lealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from tubilication office, are supplied at the following rates:

unications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM St., NEW YORK.

A FINE SEASTORY Soon to commence in these columns, is

THE SEA CAT;

The Witch of Darien, BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER, AUTHOR OF "RED RAJAH," "DOUBLE DEATH," "ROCK

RIDER," ETC., ETC. Tales in regard to the gigantic sea spider of the tropics dwindle in interest before this remarkable narrative. While

Morgan and His Buccaneers

are the main actors in the ceaselessly exciting events which make up the plot and incident of the serial, this "Sea Cat" (or sea spider) is obtruded in moments of awful peril or imminence of human life struggle, to add horror to what is appalling. That the dreaded Sea Rover is not all bad and bloody, as he is too often pictured, our author shows, for he here is the chivalrous cham-

BEAUTIFUL SPANISH SENORITA, whose fortunes are closely interwoven with his

The romance involves many elements of most novel interest, both of sea and shore-of ship life and land adventure-of cutlass, cannon and corsair career-of woman's influence and the power of love; and will excite that enthusiasm among readers which only works by "born" authors can

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat. - While the Female Suffragists are clam oring for the ballot, and fixing their hopes on an experiment, a large class of women are crying: 'What can we do to-day to correct our own short comings as heads of households?" That Ameri can homes are, as a rule, neither well ordered nor so happy as they should be, is a painful fact; and that the would-be "reformers" studiously avoid every practical issue which is thrust upon them. is a painful reflection on their cause and purposes. When the "woman's movement" seizes the immediate disabilities which environ not only woman's happiness but the happiness of those who call her wife and mother, we shall have more faith in it, as a movement: and until it does so we can but regard "the cause" as a balloon to lift certain women up to the view of a gaping populace. Jean Ingelow, the sweet poetess, is not one of the sisterhood, that is evident. She writes to Lucy Stone a ost capital letter-not in glorification of Lucy's "mission," but to suggest that the real problem for the women of America to work out is-How to Make Home Happy—How to Make Kitchen Work and Housekeeping respectable, etc., etc. Her matter-of-fact suggestions read like a satire on our housewives and housekeeping, but it is sober truth, nevertheless—as many a wretchedly-conducted household will attest. So many real disabilities remain to be redressed, in order to ren der homes so attractive, that the married life is to be envied, that we must be excused from shrieking for a "suffrage" or "reform," which does not appear to contemplate making women any more efficient in any sense except to make her the equal of Pat and Fritz and Jonathan at the hustings. Therefore, a great deal more of Jean Ingelow and a great deal less of Lucy Stone is a good rallying cry, just at present.

-The process known as cumulative voting, in order to secure minority representation, is not new, by any means. It was first invented or propounded by a Dane, and has been in use in Denmark for a great many years in local elections. It is adopted in England, in certain constituencies and is now in force in Illinois, in the election of State legislative members. It secures the proper representation of minorities, who, under the com mon system, have no representation in Congress or Legislatures. The tyranny of a majority is as much to be deprecated as any other tyranny. The idea that 999 men are to have no representation because 1000 other men, by a majority of one, have "carried the elections," is so very un lemocratic and unjust that the wonder is we have submitted to it so long. Under the "cumulative" system this tyranny of the majority is almost literally

impossible.

-The Lenten season, which is now upon us, we know is not observed by many professedly Christian people. A large number of church members never "fast;" on the contrary, they are "fast" in the sense of extravagant living and love of worldly power and social position. But, without refer ence to the propriety of Lent, as a church ordinance, we submit that a rest from dissipation, and a sober contemplation of life and its responsibilities, for forty days, is not a bad idea even for the belle and beau, and is a decidedly good idea for the man of business and woman of family. A pause in the grand whirl of the social vortex to take breath and to think-a rest prolonged for forty days in which to recuperate energies and to let the mind run out into new and more thoughtful channels-is, we think, a very beneficent arrangement, which all good citizens will neither laugh at nor discourage. To those who respect it as a church ordinance, Lent is a season especially sacred and revered. It represents the forty days of Christ's agony and conflict in the wilderness with the spirits of evil-hence, the churches' adoption of it as a season of special fasting, prayer and

-The immensity of our national domain we do not comprehend until we begin to compare our land to that of other nations. For instance: Pennsylvania contains an area of 46,000 square miles; England 51.000; Colorado 65.000; Switzerland 16,000; Ireland 32,000, etc., etc. That is, in our territory of Colorado we could plant four Switzerlands! Why, the three grand "National Parks" which this Government has decreed shall forever be preserved inviolate as parks, are each nearly as large as Ireland. These parks are grand beyond Sconception in their scenery; and, as the Yo Semite

is to all other valleys in the world, so are these stu-

flood—their astonishing physical attributes and strange phenomena—their almost countless herds of buffalo and antelope and quantity of other game—their surpassingly healthful atmosphere and numerous sources of personal enjoyment, will be among the greatest of our national glories.

CURIOSITY.

I HAVE had a little tiff with brother Tom, and I don't like him one bit. He wants to make me believe that the masculine bipeds never have any curiosity, when I know better. They may call it "the desire to gain information," as much as they will, but, for all that, it's curiosity, and they can't make any thing else out of it.

Don't I know how curious people are to know who "Eve" really is, and don't I know that these curious ones are not of the female sex And Tom's as bad as the rest of them, although I don't suppose he cares one straw for me, but he does pester me with the words, "Whom do you suppose this person is, and where do you suppose she lives?"—I always notice it's a she—" and do you suppose that that is her right name?" etc. He is a very nice person to talk about curiosity, isn't he?

If there's any thing to cause a crowd in the street—you never see the men-folks rush to see what the matter is—oh, no, of course not! Men never have the slightest curiosity, according to brother Tom's creed, and such a piece of perfection as he is, surely ought to know.

I confess I am gifted with the bump of curiosity, but I'll not confess that it's any stronger than what is contained in the opposite sex, because I don't believe it.

And I believe in curiosity too, when it is of

the right sort; and what that right sort exactly is, is what I am going to tell you. It's so seldom I say a wise thing that I don't suppose I'll get any credit for my remarks. However, I'm going to say just what I mean, and you shall take it for what it's worth.

I believe we should have curiosity enough to see who our suffering fellow-mortals really are, and not remain ignorant on that point. This curiosity would impel us to visit many places where we would find many deserving objects of charity, and it's ten times better doing this good work than wandering about the streets, won-dering if Miss A.'s color is her own, or where Mrs. B. buys her hair; which does neither them nor you any good.

What's the use of our feeling badly when we hear of some poor brakeman on the cars losing his life while on duty, if we don't have currestity enough in us to find out in what condition his family is left? and then, though we can not bring back the dead to life, we can, in a measure, assuage the grief of those he has left behind

Do you suppose these stories about poverty and destitution are merely written for us to make our hours pass and glide by more quickly? Not a bit of it. They are intended to make us look into ourselves, and see if we are doing as we would be done by.

There, my dear sir, how will that do for a

But, as for this curiosity which causes us to pry into our neighbors' business and find out all the little bits of petty scandal to retail over to a too willing ear, I don't vote for it and I don't want it within five miles of me. Too sharp, eh? Impregnated with too much

I can't help that; it's my way, and you wouldn't refuse to let a woman have her way,

Now, my dear sisters, haven't you a brother Tom, who opens your papers before you get a chance to look at them, and who wants to know from whom such and such a letter came? Of course these young men in the family have no to plague you, and then, when you do gratify their non-curiosity, they're mean enough to say, I knew it all the time.'

That's all for the present, but if I hear any thing further about the males not having curiosity, you may expect another "growl" from EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

My Collection of Paintings. I have long been noted for my devotion to Art. My father often used to observe that I was one of the most artful boys of the age, and that I deserved the meddle, and already had it bad. My father was a very worthy man.

I love paintings. Painters know it, and when any one of them has a picture which he can not sell, he always comes to me. I buy it. I have frequently paid sums of money for them: the consequence is that I have now one of the most extensive collection of paintings in Among the most remarkable paintings in my

callery, I may be allowed to mention the folowing rare ones

A Keg of Soft Soap." This is a very sentimental picture; small, but the artist could not make it larger without making it a barrel instead of a keg. You can not but admire the general smoothness of the painting.
"The Olympic Races." Here we observe

four stalwart Grecians running for the prize. The artist has been highly praised for the new and masterly manner which he has adopted to present great speed—that is, he has not painted any legs to the men. They are going so fast that of course you can't see them. A companion piece to this picture is a "Horse-race," or Dexter at his full speed, by the same artist. No horse is visible, however, in the picture—

Whitehorn's Portrait." This can not be too highly praised. The artist treated the subject in a gentlemanly manner-while painting it, and I may add, the subject also treated the artist likewisely. It is high-toned. The general coloring is admirable, but that of the nose I condemn. The artist spread it on. I told him that wasn't according to nature. He said he

knew that; he thought it might be wine.
"A Deceased Goose." This is a very lifelike painting and full of animation. The features of the goose are beautiful in repose, and a smile which it died with clothes its face with a grandeur which is exalting to the soul, and cheers but does not inebriate. I feel that words fail You will observe that the goose has no feathers on. The reason was this: the city artist had never seen a goose alive, and when he discovered this one hanging in a butcher's stall, he borrowed it for the purpose of painting it; he painted it well enough, but didn't return it orth a cent. It is supposed that he completely exhausted the subject.
"A Scene in the Mid Ocean." This you

will notice represents nothing but water and sky. The exact locality is not known, but people say they have seen it in crossing the ocean, and recognize the picture at once. The water is wet enough, but the artist didn't mix enough salt in it to suit the taste of critics. There is made me a low and condescending bow, and, not a ripple on the sea, but he did a gross offering his arm, asked me if I would not take wrong to paint so much wind in the cloudless a turn on the floor.

sky which is considered a deviation from true "No; I did not dance." sky, which is considered a deviation from true

pendous reservations to all other public estates. In the not-distant future these parks will be visited by people from every civilized nation on the globe, and their sublimity of mountain, field and the first publication of the product of the pro side down, it presents the same view. I like that feature in a picture, for lots of paintings in my collection get accidentally hung wrong side up, and after admiring them for a week or so, I find they are wrong, and then I have to go to the trouble of reversing them. Then, again, many paintings never show their best points

many paintings never show their best points we are at Mr until they are turned to the wall.

"The Desert of Sahara." The only defect of this picture is the general absence of good shading. The artist selected this subject because he wasn't good at shading. He should have thrown a sunshade or umbrella in.

The dear Madame, well worth a dear Madame, well as the should have thrown a sunshade or umbrella in.

The very beautiful and soul-stirring painting of "Sardines" is done in oil.

"Niagara Falls," done in water colors, is a breathing picture; so perfect is it that the mist which arises from it has dampened the whole end of the room. The artist succeeded so well in painting the room of the follows were that in painting the roar of the falling waters that it is perfectly deafening. People contemplat-ing trips to Niagara invariably give them up and come here, preferring to see this picture. It is an awe-fall likeness; when you gaze at it, you imagine that you see it.

"Hydraulic Ram." This is a picture of great

power and force. "An Arctic Scene." This picture is a little mythological, and represents the interior of a beer-cooler, with cakes of ice piled on the beer-

kegs. I employed the artist to paint an Arctic

scene, and he someway let his fancy deceive "A Mud-puddle." This is considered a great missespiece—it was painted by a poetical lady artist. It is a picture of great debth, and you admire the breadth of it, and the classical pose of that sentimental frog sitting on the log, while his mind runs far back in the shadowy past, and he dreams of the golden days when

he was an innocent tadpole.

"A Night Scene." This picture is so dark that you have to look at it with a candle. The artist should have thrown more light in it, or put a couple of gas-lamps here and there. He had to paint it with his eyes blindfolded to give

it the true touch. "A Noontide Rest." This represents me as a boy, taking a little rest from hoeing corn, at noon. I recline in the shade; but how the artist could have the presumption to put the sun so very low in the west, I can't tell. He said he always painted from real life.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

Who go to balls.—Woman's distrust of Woman.—A Peep Behind the Scenes.—Costly Toilettes.

For three years past I have attended most of the large balls at the Academy of Music in this city. I do not dance; my dancing days are over; I did not go to meet the dancers in a social way, and personally, I know but few of the ball-goers. I know them all by name, passing

well; for, gentle reader, I go as a ball reporter.

A lady ball reporter has rare opportunities for seeing the human side of the woman's world. To a man, particularly a young and susceptible man, those silken and gauzy-robed and jewel-decked women look like angels. Some of them may be saints, but I would never go to a ball to

A quaint little dapper old gentleman friend of mine, once said to me at a ball:

"Madame, if men looked at each other as you women do, there would be many more bro-

ken heads than there are in the world."
"Really, Mr. Neuby," I replied, "I did not
know you observed so closely; you are the only gentleman friend I have who has ever noticed the shocking rudeness of my sex-that eyedaggering—which has so often pained me, even more when I see it practiced on another than curiosity; they don't care a bit; it's only done on myself; for I am growing old, and resigned could ever amend, by precept or example." The old gentleman chuckled and shrugged

his shoulders.
"Tell me," said he, "do they look at each

other that way in the dressing-room?"
"I shall tell you nothing. I know you can imagine it all but too well." In truth, I began to feel a little ashamed and

jealous for the honor of my sex.

Women of other nations know how to be rude, but it takes an American woman to be consistently and conscientiously and habitually rude; and upon my word, I do believe that these American women who go the balls at the Academy, understand the thing as a fine art!

I will not go into any details, but will only

say that I would not like for any of the natural enemies of womankind to get a peep into that great dressing-room. Of course, Mr. Neuby and all such as he are natural enemies to the sex. Your susceptible, blind Romeos would never detect the rudeness under the rouge, and wreathed in rosy smiles, and shot from under the long sweeping lashes by black or blue eves that I, or old Mr. Neuby, would see, and it's quite as well they should not. They would cease to be Romeos if they had our eyes, and they would be no happier for the gift of second

I always have a box at these balls-generally a box of my own or belonging to the paper I represent. Sometimes I am seated in the box of ome new Timon, taking his first lessons in the delightful game of society, and spending his money among the Luculluses and Lucindas, the Timandras and Phrynias of this metropolis of the Great Republic of the western world. tolerates, and even affects to court the little black-robed woman with the reporter's book and pencil in her hands, because he knows his magnificence will be heralded in the next morning's "Daily Blazer," or next Saturday's "Society Bulletin.'

I have been to the three last Liederkranz Masquerade balls at the Academy, twice taking as a masquer, but as a reporter for the "Daily Blazer," I went to the last. 'Twas a magnificent affair. How the diamonds blazed! I sat in Timon's box. Indeed, he sent his carriage for me. I missed it fortunately, and had the interest of the last. the intense satisfaction of feeling myself under no obligations either to him or to Mrs. Timon. I sat in the shadow of the curtains, and admired his wife's diamonds, and his daughter's laces. and duly reported the same in the next morning's "Blazer." I knew it would make Timon

and his wife happy, and it did not hurt me.

Mr. Maurice Feedere came to Timon's box among other callers. He looked coolly indif-ferent at me as I sat in the dark corner, writing away. How profoundly he did bow to Mrs. and Miss Timon, but I fancied I saw him count ing the solitaire diamonds in Mrs. Timon's necklace and bracelets. He looked suspiciously askant at her daughter's laces. I understood what it all meant before he left the box, for, squinting up his little hateful eyes at me, he asked Timon something in a low voice, to which Timon replied, aloud (for, if Timon is ostentatious, he is a gentleman):

"Certainly, Maurice; with pleasure. Madame, permit me to present—" and Mr. Feodore

"Then a promenade in the lobby?" It would have looked churlish to say no; so I

accepted the proffered arm, wondering what

I did not have to wait long. "You will report the ball for the 'Blazer,' Mr. Timon tells me?"

"Yes, and for the 'Society Bulletin.'"
"Ah! well, my dear Madame, it will give me such pleasure to give you some items. Here we are at Mrs. Feodore's box. Come in, my

dear Madame. Mrs. Feodore's dress is really well worth a description. I know you will be Cunning fox! I wonder if he thought he fooled me one moment? Had I not been through these things at twenty other balls?

But, how can I convey to you, my reader, an idea of what a "blow in the eye" Mrs. Feodore's dress gave me? She was a large, stout woman, of the blonde type. The poor woman actually wore a composite costume of five different colors and as many different shades—two shades of pink, two of blue, two of green, two of purple, and two of yellow! Velvet, silk, satin and lace in flounces, puffs, plaitings, ruffles, quillings and bias bands, shells and fans, made up the gorgeous wonder! Mrs. Timon's diamonds faded and paled into insignificance by the side of Mrs. Maurice Feodore's. Her Trianon fan, with pearl sticks two feet in length, was covered with point lace, and riveted with a was covered with point lace, and riveted with a golden wire capped with diamonds. Diamonds blazed in her hair, on her bosom and her arms, and in her ears. Mr. Feodore seemed surprised that I was not more dazzled and anxious to take a minute description of his lady's toilette. I politely thanked him, but told him I could remember enough of it. I made my escape from the box as soon as I could, and, seizing an im-pecunious knight of the quill, flew to the re-porters' room, gathering all I could from every quarter, and dodging Timon, who was watch-ing to offer me his carriage, I made my way, with my escort, to the cars, and while the revel was at its hight I made out a report for the 'Blazer," in which, somehow or other, Mrs. Feodore's toilette was omitted, but Mrs. Timon's

was not! I shall not repeat all I reported for the "Blazer" and "Bulletin;" but, for the readers of the Woman's World, I will describe a few of the fancy dresses I have seen at late public and private fancy dress masquerades in our

The first and prettiest was a costume worn by a lovely young girl who played the role of "Eve," our first mother, ere she fell. The dress was of white India muslin and not very long. A wreath of ivy was embroidered around the bottom, above a lace flounce. Ivy leaves were also wrought upon the bertha and short sleeves, and a wreath of ivy encircled the head. Another wreath ran around the hips and looped the pannier. There were two pockets on the tablier, or front breadths of the dress. The one on the right bore in embroidered letters the word, "Bien," (good), that on the left, "Mal," (or evil). From the right-hand pocket a lily was falling, while from the left a golden enameled serpent had crept across her zone, and, with its head resting on a small red apple in her bosom, was looking up in her face with its glittering diamond eyes. As a symbolic Eve this costume and personation were perfect.

Another of doubtful delicacy but great beauty was a Madame Pompadour. She wore over an elaborately-trimmed white satin *jupon* or underskirt a magnificent court train of crimson velvet. The square corsage and demi-long sleeves were of crimson velvet, trimmed with point lace. The hair in a Pompadour roll, with curls falling on the neck. On the tablier or front of the white satin petticoat, was a small oval apron, or rather a cartoon, of pale blue satin, edged with gold embroidery, seed pearls and point lace. On this cartoon were painted two kissing doves, pure white, with outspread, fluttering wings floating between a pretty landscape on the boton myself; for I am growing old, and resigned to that which I have not the vanity to hope I above. In her hand was a magnificent blue satin Pompadour fan, edged with point lace, and covered with fluttering cupids and kissing

The Witch of Endor appeared in a greenish yellow silken robe, over which was sprinkled grotesque figures of toads, serpents, beetles and A pale blue turban was worn on her head, with a crescent ornament in front and a coiled serpent in the back. In her hand a serpent wound, and serpents for bracelets on her bare arms.

There were Daughters of the Regiment and Indian Princesses, and Norman Peasant girls and Circassian girls, and Queens of Night and Morning Stars, and Auroras and Dianas at these various entertainments. As a general thing, however, the costumes are not sufficiently characteristic, and the desire for display entirely spoils the individuality of most of the fancy dresses. EMILY VERDERY.

NOW.

To win the goal, we must press on and not falter or fail by the way. The river may look dark and treacherous, but there is land on the other side of it. The mountain seems steep and inaccessible, yet when we have gained the summit, we may find a shelter and a welcome

It is no use grieving over the days that have passed away, and wishing they would return we are only losing and wasting the present time. Let us rather improve the moments now before us in doing good, so that we may not in the future repine at what we have left undone. There never was a battle won by murmurings; there never was a victory gained by vain re-pinings. 'Tis folly to sit down and wail over it might have been," for those words will avail

We must think of the future, and, instead of weeping over past days, strive to be better in the times to come. If we have wasted the hours that have fled, we should do what we can to improve the time now before us. struggle for perfection even if we do not reach

The borrowing of trouble can do us not one particle of good. If an article is rejected by a publisher, don't mope, but send him a better one; when your faults are pointed out to you, don't waste the time in trying to find excuses for your conduct, but endeavor to correct it.

The good we do should be done now; it is

now that we must work. Perhaps another sun may not arise upon us; we may be called away ere we are aware of it.

Is it not better now to drop your pennies in the beggar's hat, than to wait until a meeting can be called as to whether the object of your charity is worthy of it or not? While you are flourishing away with your grand speeches in a well warmed hall, the beggar may be dying of cold and starvation in some miserable underground cellar. There's too much "red tape" as to our charities; we love to talk more—to hear ourselves speak, most likely—about the beauty and holiness of charity, but we are never in a great hurry to practice it. Why? F. S. F.

WHO has not noticed how instinctively the head is uncovered, and the bold, full tone subdued, in the presence of death, be his sign-man-ual set upon the lips that murmured but now for alms, or upon the lips that thrilled us with eloquence or song.

Readers and Contributors.

for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS." MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS, as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS, of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use,—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention. orrespondents must look to this column for all information in regard to ributions. We can not write letters except in special case

The following contributions we can not render available, and return the same where stamps were inclosed for such return: "His Uncle's Gaoler;" "Adventure with Apaches;" "Harry's Billy-goat;" "Half a Truth;" "A Brave Man's Reward;" "A Profitable Concert;" "Burning of Col. Crawford;" "Flora's Revenge;" "The Black Riders;" all the Sketches of L. W. M. D.; "Flirting with a Madman;" "The Tree of Death;" "The Lone Island's Guest;" "A Flirt's History;" "Old Mack's Bet;" "The Schoolmarm's Big Pupil;" "Marie Antoinette;" "Miss Watson's Best;" "The Grimes Girls;" "The Secret Chamber."

H. G. F. We have no "item gatherers" in the various H. G. F. We have no "item gatherers" in the various

J. Edson Jonas. Apply to some other "orfise." PRINTER. We can not use the matter indicated. F. W. F. Have answered by mail as requested. CLARA SCHELTOR. Your MS. is quite worthless. JED MARTIN. Don't try to write for the press. E. NICKLET. Yes. The numbers are six cents each.

GEO. G., Jr. We can not use the MS., and the why and wherefore we can not give. It is excellent for a first at-empt, and doubtless would find place in some of the Bosion papers—where send it.

BERT. We see nothing for you to do in the case mentioned. If the young lady wants to flirt a little, pray do not object. It is as natural for a girl of sixteen to love attention as for a bird to love sunshine. If she gives you a heart preference be satisfied and don't be loolishly jealous. She will think all the more of you for your considerateness.

ABE CLARK. Chances for a good investment of money are as good East as West. If you will use the amount named to open up a stock farm in Kansas or Nebraska it will "pay," probably, as well as any other mode of use.—Ventriloquism is a natural gift.—You must apply to the stage manager in person, to obtain permits to go "benind the scenes."

Conciss. The "Red Rajah" is comprised in twelve numbers.—Soap does not injure the hair nuless the alkali in it is not saponified or neutralized by admixture of grease.—Edward S, Ellis' last Dime Novel is No. 85. We have all the Dime Novels in constant print. A careful selection from the list makes a very cheap and very interesting library. Every home can have its own library and should have it.

and should have it.

PATIENCE. If the lady never has said "yes" to your proposal she is not bound to you nor you to her. Better say, however, that if she longer refuses you will consider yourself absolved from any engagement that constant then dance upon her may have incidentally established, and if you apprehend trouble, better have som eevidence of your demand for her to fulfill her share of the contract. In these days of suits for breach of promise suitors can not be too careful. A CONSTANT READER. We can not impart the information demanded. To demonstrate what is our "standard of acceptance," our "standard of length," "good writing and other points," would entail a deal of writing. Read the SATURDAY JOURNAL attentively and draw your own conclusions.

own conclusions.

ALFRED A. You being a stranger, have no right, as a gentleman, to address a lady unasked. It is but politeness to tip your hat to one with whom you have an acquaintance, but, for a stranger to address a lady, unsolicited, is impertinence. This is a very proper "right" for women and girls to exercise—the right to avoid every man's address and approaches, and that right should be studiously protected, as it is woman's safeguard. The substitution, by some men, of the handkerchief signals, by which to approach ladies, is just as gross a breach of good manners and propriety as if words were used. Indeed, this code of signals is objectionable because it is a surreptitions or disgnised mode of communication, and like all disguise is liable to such outrageous abuse that a true gentleman will use it with great circumspection.

HARRY GROSVENOR. A "commercial education" is

true gentleman will use it with great circumspection.

HARRY GROSVENOR. A "commercial education" is now understood to imply a perfect knowledge of accounts, correct spelling, and good legible penmanship. some acquaintance with geography and modern languages is desirable also. But, it is a great error to suppose that, because you have "graduated" at some Commercial College, you are therefore fitted to enter at once upon the responsible position of cashier, head booker or salesman. Not only long experience is necessary to qualify you for these places, but a peculiar taste or aptness is essential. A commercial education, at its best, is merely preparatory, and it is pure humbug for Commercial "colleges" to hold out ready situations for their graduates. Business men, indeed, are decidedly suspicious of these graduates, who are, to a degree, spoiled for taking the lower positions at the desk or counter,

mercial "colleges to, how the line is divided by suspigraduates. Business men, indeed, are decidedly suspicious of these graduates, who are, to a degree, spoiled
for taking the lower positions at the desk or counter,
from which to advance to the higher. The conceit born
of a six months' attendance at a "college" is, very
often, an obstruction to the young man's advance.

Young Yacht. The term "old salt," as applied to experienced sailors, comes from that experience on salt
water. The term "knot" implies a mile in sea measurement. In obtaining the speed of a vessel at sea, a triangular piece of wood called a "log," loaded upon one end
with lead, so that it will maintain an upright position in
the water, is used. To this log is attached a line, wound
upon a reel which revolves very easily; and when the
log is thrown overboard, this line is unwound and run
out as fast as the vessel runs through the water. A halflog is thrown overboard, this line is unwound and run out as fast as the vessel runs through the water. A half-minute glass is used, and the line is divided by knots, the distance between these knots being the same part of a mile that a half-minute is of an hour. As soon as the log is thrown, and the holder is ready to count, the glass is turned, and the number of knots of the line which are run off during the half-minute are equal to just so many miles an hour. And hence, in speaking of a ship's speed, we say she is running so many knots.

we say she is running so many knots.

Lois Chapman. Catalepsy is a kind of trance. The word is derived from the Greek catalepsis, literally (seizing.) It is a disease of the nervous system, attended with a cessation of intellectual operation, and with a peculiar condition of the muscles of voluntary motion, while the action of the heart, and the respiratory functions are but little affected.

Rose-leaf. After careful experiment, it has lately been shown that potted plants can be greatly benefited, and sometimes entirely restored to vigor, by applying warm water to them instead of cold. In certain cases, oleanders which had never bloomed, after being treated with lukewarm water, increasing the temperature gradually from 140 degrees to 170 Fahrenheit, produced most magnificent bloom! ITENBIDE. The Bible was first printed in Englsh, A. D. 1539.

OSCAR S. It is estimated that New York annually burns about 1,200,000,000 cubic feet of gas. One ton of coal will make 10,000 cubic feet of gas.

CLARA B. G. In the year 496, Clovis, first king of France, was converted to Christianity before any other king of Europe or Asia. The "religion" of the civilized world up to that time, save in and around the Mediterranean country, was wholly a system of "Gods." PHILIP. Weights and measures were invented 869 rears before Christ.

SHOPKEEPER. Calico first came from India, and was named from the city of Calicot, in India. It was not known in England until as late as the year 1631. A. TREDWELL. The telegraph as invented by Claude Chappe, was a system of signals. It was adopted by the French Legislative Assembly, in 1792, and in an experiment as to its efficacy, was found to be able to convey a message from Paris through all the intermediate stages to Lisbon, a distance of 48 leagues, in thirteen minutes and forty seconds. It is now altogether superseded in England and France by the electric telegraph, which was not invented by Prof. Morse, but was adapted by him to practical use.

YOUNG BANKER. The first bank was established in Italy, in 808, by the Lombard Jews, many of whom settled in Lombard street, London, where numerous banks have since been located.

EUSTACE P. In ancient times women never appeared on the stage. Their parts were represented by men until as late as the year 1652, when the profligate and corrupt Charles II. first encouraged their public appearance. OCTAVE. The first day of January, 1873, was the 2,405 60th day since the commencement of the "Julian pe-

STATIONER. The first real book ever published was the Book of Psalms, by Faust and Shaeffer, A. D. 1457. It was printed only on one side of the leaves, after which they were, in binding, pasted back to back.

Bessie Courtland. Christianity was introduced into Britain by St. Augustine—so it is said. Another St. Augustine is needed to reintroduce it, for true "Christians" are so scarce in the Old World that the ancient prelate would hardly know his followers.

GERTRUDE. Napoleon Bonaparte instituted the Legion of Honor in the year 1807. The legion of dishonor was never formally instituted. It seemed to come into existence by a kink of "Natural Selection" process. JAMES AND HENRY. The highest lake in the world is Lake Sul-kol, in the mountains of Asia, 15,700 feet above the level of the sea. The next is Lake Titicaca, in Bolivia. One of the lakes of Colorado is over 12,000 feet above sea level.

Howard. The first battle at Bull Run was fought July 18th, 1861.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

UNTRUE.

BY HAP HAZARD

When thou art false, what truth can be?
I grope in sore bewilderment—
I scarce believe mine own intent,
Since that I was deceived in thee.

But, nay t 'tis some distempered dream, And vapors foul beguile my sense, I'll drive the haunting fancies hence They are not real, but only seem.

As well the Orient glow might prove False harbinger of budding day, As the coy blushes' fitful play In thy soft cheek mean aught but love.

Then—when the deep, unchanging blue
Of Heaven shall symbolize deceit—
Duplicity shall harbor meet
Find in thine eye of kindred hue. Doth treachery lurk in the call

Of thrush responsive to its mate? And coos the turtle-dove for hate? voice proclaims thee true, my all! And yet, what means this chilling pain? Nay, 'tis a dream! Awake! Awake. My heart! and from thy pulses shake This incubus; and seek again—

Alas! seek what? Th' averted look That once so eager met my glance?
The shrinking from my fond advance,
As loth Love's dalliance to brook?

And why that sudden downcast eye
At his approach—the deepened glow
That mantles o'er her cheek and brow—
The quickened breath—the fluttering sigh?
Nay! drink, my soul, the bitter rue!
Heap—heap the ashes on thy head!
Love's but a name, all Truth is dead,
Since she—God help me!—she's untrue!

A Good Investment.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THEY were both fine-looking, well-dressed young men, and they sat conversing on board the ferry-boat in a very friendly sort of way, that, while their manner was earnest, was en tirely free from ostentation.

One of them, the taller of the two, with darkbrown hair and serious brown eyes, and whose gravity of demeanor was in perfect accord with his simple, gentlemanly style of attire, was Kenneth Mortimer; and he was answering, in a quiet, reticent way, Phil Darrel's remarks. Yes, I know, of course, who lives there-Miss Trevlyn.'

And, to Darrel's surprise, Kenneth's cheeks

And, to Darrel's surprise, Kenneur's cheeks reddened suspiciously.

"Upon my soul! can it be possible, my boy, that the light of Miss Trevlyn's eyes have dazzled you, too? Shades of—'

"'Sh, not so loud, if you please, Phil; although, if you are acquainted with the lady, you are secretary to be consumed for any enthy.

you are scarcely to be censured for any enthusiasm you may display. Darrel laughed, as he threw his cigar out

over the guards. 'Oh, I've heard all about her, time and again, from various smitten 'lovyers.' But I am surprised that you are so decidedly 'gone.'" He spoke just a little sarcastically

"If you mean I have learned to care very much for Addie Trevlyn, Phil, you are right. I would rather have her for my wife than any woman I ever saw.

A saucy smile shot from Phil Darrel's eye "Miss Trevlyn and her fortune wouldn't come amiss now, would they? Angels don't often possess as much filthy lucre as this wing less one of yours.'

"Phil! don't talk so about Addie Trevlyn. If she is beyond my reach, she shall not be jested about to me, or where I can hear it. She is an angel, though, Phil, if sweetness and graciousness and womanliness are some of the characteristics of angels."

Darrel laughed outright, but, as the boat just then bumped against the dock, and the pas-sengers were hastening out, no one knew of the remark that had occasioned it.

You always were a curious sort of fellow. Ken! but this beats it all, out and out. Well go in and win-if you can. That's my advice for, of course, such a divine creature would not regard the very earthly fact of your salary being

about half of her candy money."

If Kenneth had not known as he did Phil Darrel's way of talking, I think he would have been sorely tempted to knock him down. As it was, he only bit his lip under his mustache nor did Darrel, as they crossed the gang-plank, note the steely flash of his eyes.

'I do wonder if I can arrange it now?" Addie Trevlyn sat gazing thoughtfully at the pile of envelopes and paper on the desk before

A petite, graceful girl, whose soft blue eyes were shaded by heavy golden lashes, that matched in hue the long, wavy hair that was drawn plainly off the low, womanly forehead, and fastened with a narrow blue satin ribbon Her dainty, dimpled hands lay crossed before

her, and over the exquisite wrist a narrow lace cuff lay, that matched the collar at her rounded She had about her a presence that suggested

peacefulness and content; and yet Addie Trevlyn was as light-hearted and gay as a bird, as arch and piquant as a care-free child. Hers had been a sweet, happy life, whose undercurrent had flowed unmolestedly along,

until-Kenneth Mortimer's hand had unsealed a fountain in her heart, of whose existence she never had been aware From the very first, Addie had been attracted by him—by the graveness and seriousness, the reverent courtesy he paid to her—and gradually,

as their acquaintance progressed, she learned more and more of his fine disposition and noble character. And with increasing acquaintance came increasing love.

There, that was it, in plain terms; and it was of this that Addie was thinking as she sat beside her desk, with the sweet spring air blowing

her flossy hair over her pink cheeks.

She was a sensible girl—very unlike a great many girls who are rich and who have poor lovers. She was sensible, first, because she could appreciate Kenneth Mortimer's good traits, and learned that he was not a fortune hunter. And because, now that she loved him, and knew, by her delicate, womanly intuition, that she was very dear to him, now that she knew he would not ask her to share his lot, simply because hers was the greater, because all this, Addie Trevlyn displayed her sweet good sense in making a plain way to her heart for Kenneth Mortimer to walk in.

And the plan was this, and how her beautiful eyes sparkled as she wrote and addressed a note to Kenneth Mortimer, one of ten that she wrote before she left her desk-to make a select party of ten, and invite them to a fortnight's visit at her father's seat upon the Hudson

Then, with a smile, as she stamped the deli-

"I hope he will refuse!"

Outside, the rain was pouring in torrents, and driven wildly against the window of Kenneth Mortimer's office by the shricking wind. By the broad banner of light streaming from the gas-jet, Kenneth and Philip Darrel, who were smoking in cosy quiet beside the crackling rians, as they hurried on to shelter.

It might have been the magnetic influence of the storm that made Kenneth so unusually quiet; at all events, whatever the cause, Phil had rallied him on it more than once that events.

"I say, you are a perfect bear, Ken. What on earth do you mean by asking a fellow in to have a smoke, and then sit like a statue when he comes? 'Tisn't the old story, is it? you and Miss Addie haven't had a fall out, eh?"

If Kenneth moved uneasily in his chair, certainly Mr. Darrel showed his feelings on the subject by manifesting a decided embarrassment when he mentioned Addie Trevlyn's name; such a decided embarrassment, too, that Ken-

neth looked up in unfeigned amazement.
"I have had no falling out with Miss Addie, nor am I likely to have, although I will confess the cause of my "bearishness is my inability to accept her kind invitation up to Trevlyn Park

next week.' Suddenly Phil's eyes brightened. "Aren't you going?" he returned, eagerly. "I thought surely you'd go. We'll have a fine time, I

It was Kenneth's turn now to look up in sur-

"Are you going?"
Phil laughed.

"Can't you trust me, Ken? But if I can win Addie Trevlyn--"

A half timid knock on the door interrupted him, and then a miserable little girl, dripping rain from her scant, short garments, entered

"If you please, sir—a penny—"
"Get out there, you nuisance! Put her out,

Phil's rough words made the girl shrink back, but Kenneth indignantly silenced him. "Are you not ashamed, and she a child! Put

her out in this fearful storm! Come in, sissy, and get warm, if not dry."

Kenneth spoke kindly to the little shivering thing, and then Phil laughed, as if it was the finest joke in the world.

"Kenneth Mortimer, you're an A 1 lunatic! Here you've been in New York all your life, and at the advanced age of twenty-eight, offer the hospitalities of your office to a little street beggar, whose mother is sick and whose father's dead, I'll bet a quarter—ain't they sis?"

Kenneth's lip curled.
"I have not lived long enough in New York, or anywhere else, to turn any creature out into such a tempest. She is welcome to the little comfort of a roof and warmth." Phil carefully knocked the column of ashes

from his cigar, with a dexterous move of his little finger. "Ring for oysters and champagne. Hadn't you better, Ken?" But Kenneth was listening to the voluble

story the girl was pouring forth, and when she had done, handed her a dollar bill. 'That will take you home in a car, and give

you a fire and supper, if no more. Now, run along, sis; I hear a car, and it holds up a little." Out into the darkness she darted, and Kenneth turned with a white, worried face to Phil. "What was it you said about Miss Trevlyn a few moments ago?"

He seemed to be scarce patient enough to wait for Philip Darrel's deliberate answer.
"Miss Trevlyn? Oh! that I should cultivate

her acquaintance particularly, the fortnight I am in her father's house. Truth is, Ken, I'm in love with her, and if she'll have me, it's all I can balance her account at her bank-

er's, I guess."

Kenneth's face was turned away, and his voice came dull and pain-laden for Phil's an-

"If I could afford to lose the time, and spend the money, nothing would afford me greater bliss than to pass a fortnight in Addie Trevlyn's company. As I can't do this—ah, Phil, I foresee it all! You will win her, while I oh! if she only knew how I love her!"

And Addie Trevlyn's sweet voice, clear and ow, sounded on their astonished ears, and Addie Trevlyn, her face all blushes, her eyes lu minous, walked up to Kenneth and extended her hands, while at the door, half grave, half

amused, stood her father.

"I know you love me, Kenneth, and I love you; and to-night you have proved by your charity to the beggar girl I persuaded to apply to you, and by your brave refusal to join my pleasure party, because you did not feel able to afford it, that you are both kind and prudent. And, Kenneth, because I have lent myself to

as Mr. Darrel would the beggar-girl?"

"Turn you away! Miss Trevlyn—Addie—
can it be true? Addie dearest!" and he stooped
to whisper in her ear words too sacred for

Philip Darrel's or her father's ear.

"Mr. Darrel," she said, after a moment, "let this be a lesson to you, that charity and prudence go hand in hand with other good traits of character which, I am forced to admit, I can not discover in you. Kenneth," and Addie turned to him again, "don't let papa scold me, will you?"

But Mr. Trevlyn's face was too serious to

suggest even a scolding.

"Addie's eccentric, I think—just a little, you know," he said to Kenneth, as he smoothed her sun-bright hair, "and I've spoiled her, I sup-

"If other girls could only be so spoiled," he returned, as he caressed her hand; and Phil Darrel, finding he was decidedly de trop, got away, thinking what a remarkably good invest-ment that dollar of Ken's was.

He didn't join the party at Trevlyn Park, and Kenneth Mortimer did, for pere Trevlyn sudden-ly discovered the immediate need, the pressing want of an architect to plan for the two new wings on the building. And as Mr. Mortimer was regarded universally as a rising young architect—why, it was the handiest thing in the world; or at least, Kenneth and Addie thought so, when, on those warm moonlight evenings they walked through the spacious grounds.

The Beautiful Forger:

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG GIRL.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT,

AUTHOR OF "MADELEINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII. THE HACIENDA AND ITS INMATES.

SINCE the American conquest of California, the terms rancho and ranch have been applied to small farms, and sometimes in slang to single houses, tents, or to liquor shops. Formerly rancho meant a tract of land appropriated for pasturage, often four miles or more square, and sometimes much larger. A ranchero was a man who owned or lived on one of these; and it was the pride of the Spanish Californian to They were not generally possessed of much knowledge of agriculture business; but they affected an absolute inde-pendence; and those who succeeded the origifire, ensconced in arm-chairs, could see the wet pavement and the occasional drenched pedes-style. The chief wealth was in lands and cat-

One of these large and well-cultivated estates was in excellent order, and would have attracted the admiration of casual travelers. An extensive corral—a part of all cattle ranchoes—was surrounded by a high and stout fence. The dwelling-house, of rambling architecture, was built partly of the unburned brick, and ly in his pocket-book. was strong enough to resist the assault of marauders. The grounds surrounding it were laid out with attention to artistic effect, and were fine specimens of ornamental horticulture. Strange and beautiful evergreens, native to the gardens of Australia, were striking features; there was the malva tree, growing to the hight of fifteen feet, and green all the year round, large crimson flowers mingling with its wealth of foliage. There was the mayo tree, also evergreen, a native of Chili, brilliant in the season with its profuse yellow flowers. The Australian bean, bearing flowers, too, in contrast with its compact, bright leaves, and other climbing and creeping plants, made a luxuriant drapery for walls and the facade, which was covered with faded frescoes. The honeysuckle and laurustinus added their contributions. Roses and verbenas were seen in clusters on the lawn. From the windows above, in front, and the veranda roof, this flowery picture might be seen; with the rich meadows beyond, and the slope of hills on which sheep were feeding in scattered flocks.

The patio of a Mexican house is its proper front. This was paved with brick, and had a fountain with a tank in the center, over which xetic plants trailed their glossy leaves. Round three sides of the court ran a veranda; its floor of painted tiles a little above the level of the paved court; its roof supported by a row of portales; its windows, glazed, reaching to the ground. The house windows opened into this

The house was old-fashioned, spacious and irregular; but the dark, oak-paneled walls were nung with several fine paintings, and there was every accessory to household comfort in a large

In the reception-room on the ground floor were two persons; one a middle-aged gentleman in a silk dressing-gown, standing by the window, and the other a lady a few years older, seated in a leathern easy-chair with a book in her hand. Her person was spare, and her face thin and deeply lined; her eyes were gray and deep-set; and her whole expression was severe and repellent. She wore a cap of ancient fash ion, but exquisite neatness, and her dress of faded silk lay in undisturbed folds, as if used to slow movements.

She laid down her book, and took up some crochet-work, before speaking to the gentle-man, who still stood by the window. "What time did Stephen come back?" she

what time that Stephen come back?" she asked, at length.

"This morning, early."

"And he could learn nothing?"

"I don't think he made any inquiries, or did any thing except to go to the house. It was closed, and not a soul was there."

"It is very strange. I have my suspicions..."

'It is very strange. I have my suspicions-"You always have suspicions, Martelle," said the gentleman, turning round suddenly and facing the lady. His face was decidedly pre-possessing. The features were grand in outline; the complexion was ruddy; the eyes were dark and melting with kindness; the mouth was firm and composed, but ready to curve into a smile that bespoke the truest benevolence

"You are always fancying some harm to come; though what you apprehend in this instance I really can not imagine.

"The more stupid of you, David!" retorted the spinster, throwing a glance of scorn at her brother-in-law, for in such relation stood David

Ormsley to Martelle De Lorme. "This giri whom Walter brought here—"
"Poor little thing! Is there any thing dangerous about her?"
"Not as you understand danger, perhaps,

but-"How is she this morning? She looked last night like a wilted lily."
"She will do well enough. I sent her break-

fast to her room. I hope she will be able to leave us to-morrow.' 'Where can she go? Her father is not at

home, Stephen says. But the house is there, and she will do hest You are not hospitable, Martelle, to wish to send away the girl, especially when she has

just escaped a terrible danger. "She ought to have stayed at home. I don't like these wandering ladies, that always manage to pick up handsome young men as deliverers and escorts.

'How silly you are, Martelle! Walter and Stephen, riding through the woods, heard a woman's screams, and were just in time to save the girl from a brutal murderer. What could Walter do? Leave her to be killed by the monster who had carried her off? He did right to bring her here.

"And how long is she to stay?"
"Till her father is found, and her nurse. "And till your son falls desperately in love with her.'

'He has had no chance to do that yet," said the gentleman, smiling. "She has been ill ever since she came.'

"She is very pretty, and the ride here together was enough for so susceptible a young gentleman. He has been asking after her health with a wonderful deal of tenderness." "Martelle, you need not be overcareful; my son will take care of himself. Where is he

Gone on an errand for the girl. While Steohen went to see if her father was at home. Walter must needs ride off to the place in the forest where he found her first, to look for a trumpery locket she had lost from her neck

when she was struggling to escape. The young man is bewitched!" "Tell him to come to me in the library when he comes home.

And the girl-can not Stephen take her in the wagon to her father's house?

"No; she must remain here till she wishes to go; and then I will take her myself."
"Very well; I will take care Walter has no chance of a talk with her," muttered the lady; and rising, she went out to give some directions to the severants. tions to the servants. Walter Ormsley would have gone to the pit in

the forest without the excuse of a search for the locket; for he felt some anxiety about the halfbreed, whom he had thrust into the hole and covered with loose earth. It would have been no joke to him if the result had been fatal. But soon found he had no cause for uneasiness. The victim had speedily and surely scratched his way to the surface. Half the earth was out of the pit and scattered in every direction; and

the villain had disappeared. Walter looked around for him, and seeing no one, followed the well-marked trail through the woods till he came to the lodge already de-

This was, no doubt, he thought, the place race in their possessions lived in the same le. The chief wealth was in lands and catThe herdsmen, often numerous on large recent occupancy. A fire smoldered in the large recent occupancy. A fire smoldered in the large recent occupancy. A fire smoldered in the large recent occupancy. The herdsmen, often numerous on large recent occupancy. This was, no doubt, he intught, the place described by the young lady he had rescued. "Have you forgot that time not."

The door was slightly fastened; but it was an easy matter to get in. There were traces of without money or family?"

estates, were Indians and Mexicans, sometimes narrow fireplace, and there were fragments of little above the savages, but usually faithful to meat and corn-bread in the saucepan on the their employers. The furniture was somewhat in disorder. As the young man lifted the buffalo-robe from the rude couch, something hard fell to the floor. It was the locket, the link of which had broken posening it from the ribbon worn by Helen. Knowing that it must be hers, he put it careful-

He did not see the evil eyes peering at him through a knot-hole in one of the boards inclosing the lodge. He did not see the muzzle of a gun inserted in the hole—and pointed directly at him; then withdrawn, with a muttered, "Not yet!" from the savage creature who held

All was silence when the young gentleman had finished his survey. Satisfied that all was right, young Ormsley left the cabin, and retraced his path to where he had left his horse. He sung a lively air as he went, for his heart was ight within him, and he imagined the swee surprise of the lovely maiden who owed him her life, when he should restore to her the treasured trinket she had lost

Martelle was right in her supposition. Helen's enchanting face, the image of a pure and upright soul, had made a deep impression on the young man's heart; and the sad circumstances in which she was placed - helpless friendless, and dependent on the care of his father and aunt-only added to the interest sur-

Close on his trail, as he rode homeward, bu out of sight except at intervals, followed Ulric, who had secured his own horse. All the evil passions of his nature were stirred within him, and he burned for revenge. His passion for the young girl he had decoyed from home, his ambition to elevate himself by a marriage with her, were active as ever; and he saw in this young man a possible rival. How he hated him as he rode carelessly on, rousing the woodland echoes with his song. He was vexed that he had not shot him in the lodge. He would have done so but for fear of discovery and punishment. Twice he urged his horse within gunshot, and leveled his weapon; but each time concluded it was safest to try no such desperate game. It would be an ugly thing to be apprehended, condemned and executed. Ulric had once seen a man hung; and the very thought made him shudder. In those days, when the country was sparsely populated, the chances of escape were small for the perpetrator of such a

When Walter Ormsley arrived at home, he found the family waiting dinner for him. Helen sat in the parlor beside his aunt. She looked very pale; but the young man was fairly startled by her loveliness. The expression of his face, as he stood gazing upon her in involuntary admiration, was not lost upon Martelle, and she glanced at her brother-in-law; but he

did not notice it. As Walter handed the locket to the voi girl, her eyes flashed joyously, and the bright color flew to her cheeks. She burst into rapturous thanks. The young man told her where he had found it.

"It must have been broken," she said, "when I threw myself upon the couch. I was so tired, and frightened besides."

"Will you let me see it?" asked the spinster, holding out her hand. Helen gave her the locket. She touched the spring, and the miniature was disclosed. The lady uttered a cry of surprise.
"Whose face is this?" she demanded, sharp

7. "Where did you get this picture?"
Helen remembered that her father had told ner its history as a secret. She could not re-"My father gave it to me," she said, simply.
"Where did he know— There is something very strange in this! Very strange."
She showed the picture to her brother-in-law.

He seemed struck by it, too. Walter had never

'Did you ever know any one who was like —this portrait?" Helen asked, at length, timid-ly, addressing her question to Mr. Ormsley.

"Yes—I did know a lady—many years ago but it was not in this country," he replied.
"Where—was she?" asked the girl. Martelle answered for him.

"She died long ago."
"She is dead?" exclaimed Helen, growing suddenly pale. "Certainly; you heard me say so," replied e spinster. "Why should her death affect

the spinster. "Why should her death affect you, child? You never saw her; you could not, indeed; for she died before you were old How intently the girl listened for more! At ast she said:

"When I find my dear father, I will ask him to tell you all about it. I know he wanted to find the lady whose picture is here."

"But he can not find her, child."
"Oh, if I could only see my father!" wailed

the poor girl. Walter was gazing at her with the deepest in-He shall soon be found, Miss Helen," he said, "and I shall take you to him."
"If I could go myself," said Helen, "I could

find Margaret, I know. She would not have left the house, unless she had news of papa. Oh, may I go to-morrow?" Mr. Ormsley hesitated; but Martelle whis-

"You shall go, my dear; I promise you that vou shall!" And the grateful look the girl gave her reas-

CHAPTER XIV.

sured her somewhat as to the safety of her nephew's heart.

THE THIEF IN THE NIGHT. AFTER the lamps were lighted the same vening, the family was assembled in the paror, discussing a squirrel-hunt to come off on the following day. The two gentlemen urged Helen to give up her project of going away, and join in the sport. The inhumanity of hunting the little animals from their cover in the woods, made the idea painful to her, and she declared that she would not witness such cruelty, even

had she nothing to call her away. But in truth she was anxious to be at home again. "If you will wait one day for me, Helen,' said the elder Ormsley, "I will take you my self. You are not strong enough to ride." Walter was eager to have her stay. His aunt watched him jealously. In the end Helen yielded to their entreaties; saying she could not

out off going more than one day on any account. The evening passed in agreeable conversation. Walter never left the side of the lovely girl he had rescued. The aunt's efforts to separate them were fruitless. While they were bending together over some drawings, the spinster whispered to her brother:

You see how it is, David! Now will you call me a croaker ?" I see, Martelle, that the young people appear to like each other. We can not help that.

were young once ourselves.' 'How stupid you are "Have you forgot that time, Martelle? I have

"And would you let Walter marry a girl

"I know nothing about her, nor you, either." "The more reason your son should not be thrown in her way. She has fascinated him al-

ready."
"By very natural witchcraft. She is a lovely and artless creature, and I am half in love with her myself."

"David, you are a fool!"
"But, Martelle, I want to know one thing.
Was that picture in the locket really taken for Sylvia?' 'It looks very much like it." "But Sylvia was never married. She could not have been the girl's mother."

"There is a mystery about it. You see how she faltered in her answers. I hate mysteries; they always cover something wrong."

"I can learn every thing from the girl's father, I suppose!"

"Perhaps so, if he has nothing to conceal. I must confess I do not like the looks of things; and least of all, Walter's infatuation."

"You must let him alone, Martelle; he will take care of himself. take care of himself. Parents can not interfere with love affairs here as they do in the old

But Helen, happily ignorant of the anxiety felt lest she should steal away the heart of her host's son, enjoyed his conversation without a drawback. She had never met a young man so cultivated, so eloquent, so interesting. Her heart warmed to him as she remembered the service he had rendered her; her color rose as she caught his looks fixed upon her face with unmistakable admiration. What tender brown eyes he had! but she could not meet them with-

out confusion. The hours seemed to have passed very swiftly, when the servant brought in a tray of candles, and Miss De Lorme, taking Helen's arm, led her from the parlor to her own room. The spinster's face said unutterable things; but she shut her mouth firmly, resolved to have free

speech on the morrow.'
While Helen sunk to sleep in her luxurious chamber, her vigilant enemy was plotting mischief. Ulric had prowled all the afternoon in the vicinity, going round and round the house, and examining every part of the walls and fences. He was master of the art of reconnoitering, and had already conceived a daring scheme. As he revolved it, he laughed hoarsely, thinking of his triumph over the young man who had so treated him, and the anticipation of

evenge was sweet. The night was intensely dark, but the grounds were lighted by gleams from the windows of different outhouses. Ulric had carefully mark-ed out his route in the rapid retreat that might become necessary, when he was burdened, too, with the prisoner he intended to carry off. He had broken off some boards from the garden fence and placed them so that he could easily

push them aside. As he crept along under the clumps of bushes, he saw one of the female domestics carrying a lamp. She had just come from the smokehouse, and was going into the kitchen. The half-breed saw the importance of his getting into the house without causing an alarm. He followed closely, and, as if chance favored him, just at the kitchen door a gust extinguished the light. He lost not an instant in slipping through the open door after the girl, and in hiding behind a screen that stood on one side of

the fireplace.

The girl relighted her lamp, and then hung a large key on the wall. Ulric conjectured that it was the key of the smoke-house, and thought that would be a good hiding-place in the event of pursuit. After a while the girl left the kitchen, taking the light with her.

The intruder waited till the house was per-

fectly silent before he ventured to stir. he crept out softly, took up a candle and lighted it by a coal from the fireplace. He went out of the kitchen, taking the key from the wall, and passed into the wide entrance hall. Here he softly undrew the bolts from the front go out this way. Then he noiselessly ascended

He stopped before a door under which he saw a light, uncertain which was the chamber he sought, and listend at the keyhole. He heard a soft voice within—Helen's voice! She was speaking to the maid who waited on her. Presently all was still; but the enemy dared not leave his lurking-place till he was sure the

inmates of the house were asleep. How he cursed the delay! But it was necessary.

The maid evidently slept in an adjoining room, for he heard her loud breathing. All was dark in Helen's apartment; the candle he had brought was burned low, and gave a feeble light. Now was his time!
He opened the door cautiously; it was not locked; if it had been, he had come prepared locked; if it had been he adapted to locks of almost

with a skeleton key adapted to locks of almost every kind. Helen's bed stood on the opposite side of the room; the light muslin curtains drawn back; and she was lying in profound slumber. How beautiful she looked! Her golden brown hair, escaping in rich curls, straggled over the pillow; her cheek rested on one hand; the other, ike a dimpled snowdrift, lay on the crimson

like a dimpled snowdraft, lay on the crimson silk coverlet. A gentle smile was on her lips, as if she were dreaming of joy.

The enemy did not stop to feast his eyes on the beauty of his intended prey. He glanced once at the open door of the next chamber, where he heard the maid still breathing heavily. Then he crept to the bed, stooped, and passed one arm under the form of the sleeping girl, intending to lift her up, while he threw the silk intending to lift her up, while he threw the silk quilt over her head to stifle her cries.

But, before he could accomplish his purpose, Helen was awakened. She had heard no noise; but, perhaps, the magnetic repulsion of that dreaded countenance had startled her in sleep. Her eyes were wide open, staring full at the intruder, whose arm already enfolded her. Then a loud shriek burst from her lips, and, slipping from his hold, she sprung quickly to the other side of the bed. The shriek aroused the maid, who started up and screamed loudly.

who started up and screamed loudly.

The half-breed dared not linger. With a brutal execration, he dashed down the stairs, and out of the house, leaving the door open.

The servants, aroused by the screams, came flocking to the spot, and both Mr. Ormsley and Walter hurried to give what help was required. Miss De Lorme, who had rushed out in her night-dress, insisted that the young lady had been startled by a dream, and had alarmed the house for nothing. But the maid declared she had seen a dark form rush out of the chamber and down the stairs; and the open hall door

told the story of the intrusion and escap Mr. Ormsley ordered a search over the premises. But this was of necessity imperfect. It was easy for a cunning rogue to escape in the darkness. They did not think of looking in the smoke-house, where Ulric had locked himself in, resolved to wait there for the morning. He was vexed to the soul at his failure; but he had

not given up his purpose As soon as the day had dawned, he went out, locking after him the door of his retreat. Poor Helen had little sleep that night. She rose determined to go that very day to her fa-ther's house. And her kind host, commisera-

ting her distress, consented to accompany her.

The spinster did all in her power to speed the parting guest. Such heroines of romance were not to her taste! A midnight attack on

creature might come back and set fire to the building, in hopes to carry off the girl in the confusion. Their lives were all in danger.

Ormsley laughed at her fears; but he was no sorry to be relieved of the responsibility of sheltering a young girl from the machinations of evil men. She would be safest at home; and was resolved to take her there, and to see

So, the next morning, in spite of Walter's re monstrances, Stephen was ordered to get up the He began to gesticulate wildly for the spade. carriage. Helen took leave of her friends, and gladly took her seat, looking forward with hope that all would be well.

CHAPTER XV.

NOT LOST BUT FOUND.

Dr. Merle was so much improved after a night's rest that he was able to prescribe for himself. He refused to be taken from his own house till he was strong enough to undertake a ourney; for he was resolved to go in search of his daughter. Margaret encouraged him with energy; for she was not only burning with anx iety herself, but she knew it was a perilous thing for him to lie quiet at home and think of the poor girl in the power of that monster

With the remnant of her savings she hired a rude one-horse wagon, in which she placed a mattress of straw for the invalid, and a basket filled with provisions and dried fruits. As soon as her master felt himself well enough to bear the fatigue, in spite of the remonstrances of the village *medico* or practitioner, the two set out, guided by the inquiries made along the road, on the track of the deceiver and the young

Helen and her attendant were both too re markable in appearance to escape the observation of the country people; nor had the halfbreed taken any pains to conceal his route, supposing that his designs would be successfully accomplished long before any pursuit would be made. So that Margaret had little difficulty in

tracing the road taken.

Their progress was indeed extremely slow, for one horse could not be driven rapidly with a heavy load; and the frequent stoppages necessary took up a great deal of time. It was not until the third day that they reached the log farm-house where Helen had been so hospitably entertained for the night.

Here they heard a glowing account of the poor deceived girl and her anticipations of soon meeting her dearly loved father. Margaret shed bitter tears at the recital. She gave a narrative of the real facts, and the old farmer brought in a neighbor, who had met the pair several miles further on their journey, and gave such information as enabled them to conjecture with some degree of certainty the direction they had

Thus it happened that on Helen's arrival at her home, accompanied by David Ormsley, she found it utterly deserted. Her inquiries in the rancheria only elicited the fact that the doctor

The disappointment was crushing. It was difficult for her friend, Mr. Ormsley, to prevent ax on his shoulder. A man in a herdsman's dress was talking with him.

what was next to be done.

Her friend proposed that she should remain quietly with some one in the rancheria, while he attended to a little business to be transacted, that would detain him but a day or two. Then he would see her again, and if she had heard nothing he would return home and take measures for such a search as would bring her fath

Ormsley would have been glad to have the young girl return with him to his house, but she preferred remaining, to be in the way of receiving any communication; and she placed herself under the care of the good housekeeper, Margaret's friend.

Meanwhile the doctor and Margaret pursued Slight indications that would have escaped an experienced traveler, sufficed for her.

They came upon the deaf old man in the

shanty, and managed to make him understand them. His astonishment on learning the truth about the young girl and her attendant, was so great, that he proffered his assistance in tracing their further route, and rendered most valuable aelp. He followed the horses' path into the forest; and when they came to the spot where Ulric had left the animals, Margaret, with a cry of joy, pointed to his footsteps in the moist soil He wore a peculiar shoe on one foot, different from the other; his footprints could be unmis

Margaret's heart beat high as they followed the track. At last they reached the lodge; and here they could doubt no longer. One of the blankets had been brought from Dr. Merle's house, and some other small articles of furniture were familiar to the housekeeper.

Dr. Merle picked up from the rude couch a fine linen handkerchief, with initials delicately embroidered in one corner. It was one of Helen's. As he recognized it, he covered his face with his hands, and sunk to the ground with a deep groan.

Margaret strove with all her might to encour age him; and they lost no time in prosecuting the search. The footprints were well marked both going and returning—that led deeper into the woods. The deaf old man accompanied them, shaking his head slowly, and muttering as

They stood at length by the steep, mossgrown rock already mentioned, and a shiver of horror pervaded the frame of the startled doctor, as his eyes fell on the pit so recently filled up—so like a new-made grave. He was unable to speak. He could only throw himself on his knees, and hide his face upon the damp earth.

Margaret, too, was petrified; the same thought occurred to her, that her young mistress had been killed and buried there hastily All the ground around bore the marks of a se vere struggle. She gave a heartbroken shriek, threw herself down by the doctor, and mingled her sobs with the groans that burst from his

But the deaf old man had a different idea. He seized the shovel that still lay on the ground, pulled the woman aside, and motioned her to remove her master.

"The money! The money!" he kept repeating. She comprehended him and went vigor-ously to work to help him. In a few moments the loose earth was all thrown out of the pit. It was plain that no one was buried there; and it was now evident to all that the hole had been dug to conceal the money. The running water had burst in; the reason was obvious why the hiding-place had been abandoned. Eagerly

Margaret explained this to her master, and their hopes rose high at once.

If the half-breed had not intended to remain in the neighborhood, he would not have at-tempted to bury the gold. If they could discover its place of concealment, they would

have only to lie in wait for the thief.

Dr. Merle was utterly exhausted. Margaret made a seat for him against a tree and spread her cloak over it. Then she persuaded him to sit down and try to rest.

Their old companion, in the meantime, had been carefully examining the ground with his lantion of most of our citizens at present.

the house! What would happen next? The stick, and scraping away the dry leaves. The woman assisted him with eager scrutiny. Every now and then she would point to the print of Ulric's foot in the soil.

Thus examining every foot of ground, they rounded the perpendicular rock. Just on the other side was a mound of leaves, which Margaret would have passed without notice. the deaf old man pounced on it with his stick, which he ran down into the earth, finding less resistance than in the other spots he had tried.

When the leaves were swept off, it was seen that the earth had been freshly heaped up. eager woman herself threw it out by shovel-She dug so deep that her arms ached, and the sweat rolled from her face. It was impossible, she thought; her search was vain. The old man plunged down his stick; it struck something hard; and Margaret gave a wild cry

She dug till the box was visible, and then scratched away the earth with her hands. Presently she could get one of her hands under the box, and, seizing the handle with the other, she lifted it out.

The old man received it, and, helping her out, commenced filling up the hole as fast as he could. In this task, too, Margaret assisted him; and in heaping on the leaves; for she saw how important it was to conceal their dis-

There stood the box, bearing Dr. Merle's name in small white letters on one end; and now they must repair with it to a place of security. Afterward they could search for the robber. For the latter undertaking they must

With the help of the honest old man, Marga ret carried the box to the tree, against which she had left her master reclining. accents she announced that she had found the stolen treasure.

He made no reply. He could not be aroused by any of her efforts. It was plain that another paroxysm of his disease had overtaken him. What was to be

Margaret dared not send for assistance, remaining alone; she dared not leave her master. There was nothing to be done but carry him in her own arms to some place out of the wo some wayside cabin, where he could be left till she brought the wagon for him.

The lodge was out of the question-it would be rushing into the very jaws of the wolf. Ulric was safe to return before long; and who, then, could watch and follow him to the lair where, doubtless, he had taken his young mis-

The faithful woman had no one to consult with in her sore strait. She could only pray for guidance and deliverance.

Only a few minutes had passed, when they heard voices at a little distance in the woods. Quickly snatching up her cloak, Margaret hrew it over the box, and motioned to the deaf old man to sit upon it. Then she ran in the direction of the voices, which sounded already

listened, and then came toward her.
She begged assistance for a sick gentleman

who had been suddenly taken ill. His horse and wagon had been left not far off. Would they go with her to take him to the place? she was unable to carry him, and afraid to leave The faces of the two men were honest; she

did not hesitate to trust them. They turned back with her. When they came to where her master was sitting, she begged them to take him up. She herself determined to carry the box, still covered by her cloak.

The woodman cut down several stout sap-lings, and in a few moments, by the aid of a Meanwhile the doctor and Margaret pursued their route; the woman showing the instinct of a sleuth-hound, or an Indian in discovering the trail. Slight indications that would have as

asked way; but I want to drive it to some house where we can find a safe shelter. This gentle man has been robbed; and we have traced the thief; we shall have to find him and take him, before we can get back what we have lost."

One of the men stepped forward.
"Is this Dr. Merle?" he asked, pointing to the form on the litter.

"It is, sir. Do you know him?" asked Mar garet, not without apprehension. No; but we are in search of him. I am

sent for that purpose; I have been scouring the country for news of him." Oh, sir, who sent you?"

"Mr. David Ormsley. I am hi "And he—how did he know-" I am his servant." "Dr. Merle's daughter was at our house-

"Dr. Merle's daughter!" echoed Margaret, with a cry of joy. "Where is she? Oh, tell

'She was at our house. Mr. Walter and I brought her from this very piece of woods the night that horrid savage tried to murder her.' Eager questions followed; and presently Margaret had the whole story. And she is now at your house?"

"No; she insisted on going home. Mr. Ormsley took her there; but found that Dr. Merle had gone in search of her with her nurse. and he came back and sent out men in ever direction to look for him, and tell him hi daughter was found."

The good woman clasped her hands in thankfulness. She knelt by the litter and whispered the good news in the ear of her unconscious master. Helen was in safety! Stephen assured her that she was in the rancheria, under the care of the alcalde, with the judge's good housekeeper,

whom she knew to be faithful! The men took up the litter, and the old man helped Margaret to carry the box. Thy regained their wagon, and then Stephen pressed on them his master's orders, if he found the object of his search to bring him to Ormsley's own

It was thought best to accept this hospitable invitation. Margaret gave her store of silver to the deaf old man, and Stephen, having thanked the wood-cutter for his help, mounted his horse

and rode alongside the wagon.

Thus it happened that Dr. Merle became a guest at the house to which Helen had been taken after her rescue. Margaret accompanied him, resolved to seek her young mistress as

soon as she could leave him. (To be continued—commenced in No. 155.)

THERE appears no doubt but the production of silk will within the next few years be an important interest in California. Every where on the poorest lands in this State the mulberry can be cultivated—in the valleys and on the mountains. Millions of acres may be done. used for the production of silk. The climate of California is just that required, except that, perhaps, on a small belt near the ocean, and the absence of rains and fogs make it a matter of probability that silk worms can be managed with the slightest shelter. There is a field opening in the direction indicated beyond the imagi-

Rocky Mountain Rob, THE CALIFORNIA OUTLAW

The Vigilantes of Humbug Bar.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, UTHOR OF THE "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT,"
"RED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART
OF PIRE." "WITCHES OF NEW YORK,"
"A STRANGE GIRL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

FACE TO FACE. And while the second outlaw was urging the first to retreat, and he, ruefully regarding his bleeding hand, was calling down curses up-on the head of the ambushed marksman, Tal-

bot's voice rung out clear upon the air: "There's only two left, boys, and one of them's wounded, so steady; Jim and Bill take 'em in the flank, and keep 'em in to the mountain; up and at 'em!' and then Talbot yelled

"Blazes! there's an army of them!" cried one of the outlaws, and then the two dashed back-ward over the rocks and through the bushes, going up the canyon like hunted antelepes.

The stranger in the bushes sent half a dozen

shots after them with his repeating rifle as fast as he could fire. He understood the stratagem.

The road-agents, running for their lives up
the canyon, were completely convinced that, in place of one man, they had really been contend-

The noise made by the outlaws crashing through the bush had hardly died away when Talbot stepped forth from his place of concealnent in the mouth of the smaller canyon. was curious to see the man who had given the

esperate outlaws such a terrible lesson. Dick had hardly gained the center of the opening, when, from the bushes by the Indian trail, came a young man, leading a coal-black horse of wondrous beauty. In his hand the stranger carried the rifle which had done such deadly execution on the persons of the outlaws. Talbot and the stranger met in the center of

the open space, and there was a mutual start of Each recognized the other. The horseman was the man who, at the Waterproof saloon, in answer to Colonel Jacks, had stated that his name was John Rimee

Hardly had the young man caught sight of Talbot's face, when he dropped the reins of the horse which he was leading, cocked the Spen cer, and brought it half up on a line with Dick's

Talbot, ten paces from the stranger, stirred not at the menacing motion, and moved neither hand nor foot to stay the threatened attack He only surveyed the stranger in wonder, and nolding in his hand the knotted stick, he lean-

ed calmly upon it.

A moment in silence the stranger covered Talbot with the muzzle of his rifle; there was a nervous tremor in his hand, a finger of which was pressed upon the trigger, but the pressure which would have sent the rifle-ball to Dick's

heart was wanting.
"You are Dick Talbot!" the stranger said, slowly, and there was a strange nervousness in iis manner.

"Yes, I am Dick Talbot," the threatened man replied, as cool and unconcerned as if he had not spent the entire night in perilous adventures, and now, at the very moment of apparent rescue, had not encountered another danger as terrible as any of those through which he

had just passed.
"You do not deny your name?"
"No; why should I?"

"And yet there is danger in owning that you are Dick Talbot." "I can't help it," Dick replied, coolly;

would be of little use to deny my identity to you, and if my time has come, I might as well die with the truth on my lips as with a lie Doubt and irresolution were plainly written

as evident that struggle was going on in his breast. 'Do you remember me?" he asked, after

uite a long pause. "Oh, yes," Talbot replied, with perfect un-concern; "I met you about a year ago at Barrel Camp, on the Salmon river. Some hasty gentlemen were about to string me up without udge or jury, when you interfered and saved

Do you remember what I said to you then? "Perfectly; you told me that you bore me a deadly hatred; that you were hunting me down for the express purpose of killing me "I saved your life, then," the stranger said.

"Yes; but as you were kind enough to inform me, you saved me that you might have the pleasure of killing me yourself."

You remember that I gave you one year to "Yes, but I have exceeded that time by month at least.'

"Thank accident for that," Rimee said, quicky. "I tracked you to Bannock city; but for your abrupt departure for the mountains, you would not have outlived the year more than a

"But now, my young friend, you've got me foul, haven't you?" and Dick really smiled in face of his foe. Rimee's brow grew dark, and his eyes flashed as he noticed the smile upon Talbot's face. The hands which held the rifle trembled; the smile

nvited him, and yet he did not fire. "It does not seem to trouble you much," Rimee said, with bitter accent.
"Why should it?" Dick asked, contemptu-

ously.
"Is not life valuable to you?"
"What have I to live for?" Talbot question-

Rimee shook his head. "How should I know? I can only say that

"How should I know? I can only say that life has charms to every man, no matter what may be his lot in life."

"That is not always true," Talbot said, slowly and sadly. "Some men live too long; they outlive all that makes life happy, and then death is a blessing not a curse." death is a blessing, not a curse. 'Are you such a man?"

"No; I am nothing," Talbot replied, care-"I am so old a gambler-have played so often with my life, as with my gold-dust, that I think as little of losing the one as I do the other. When my time comes I am ready

No ties then to bind you to the world?" "Not a solitary tie." "No woman that you love, and who will

mourn for you?" "No; two women in my life have loved me One I got, the other I did not care for. The first is dead, the second, in the East, has learned to love another man who will make her a far happier woman than I could ever have

One love only in your life?" "One true love only," Talbot answered, smil-g. "I have liked other women for a time, and then forgotten them, as they have forgot-

You are right," Rimee said, slowly and with a sigh; "women are very worthless creatures

brought first a look of astonishment, and then a

shrewd smile. "You are yet but a boy in years—too young to make such a sweeping assertion. Why, the down of your mustache is just appearing on your lin"

your lip. A shade of annoyance passed rapidly over the face of the young man. It was evident that something in Talbot's speech had offended

him.
"I think that I have guessed why you seek my life," Talbot continued, slowly, his keen eyes still fixed upon the expressive face before him, and reading in that face the thoughts passing in the young man's mind as plainly as

though they had been translated into words. "Well?" "I have taken away some fair maiden that

The look of utter disgust which flashed rapidly across the face of the young man was proof positive to Talbot that his guess was

"Never mind the reason; suffice it that I have sworn to kill you," Rimee said, hastily.
"Why on earth don't you do it, then?" asked Dick, impatiently. "Here for a good ten minutes you've kept your rifle leveled at my breast, playing with me as the cat plays with the mouse. You can't posibly miss me at this distance, for you can handle the rifle equal to a squirrel hunter, as the dead men yonder can

testify, could they speak."
"Did you give the warning which stopped me on the edge of this place? Rimee asked, suddenly.

Talbot simply nodded.

"You saved me from death then, for I dreamed not that danger was near, and should

have fallen an easy prey. "Yes, that's true; a single foot beyond the cover and you would have been a dead man. What a pity I stopped you!" Talbot said, reflectively. "If I had only known who it was, I could have let you come on; the outlaws would have picked you off, and I should have had one foe the less."

And you would have let me go blindly to

my death?"
"Of course!" and Dick looked smilingly into the face of the other. "I do not believe it!" Rimee cried, and he dropped the butt of the rifle to the ground. "You have saved my life, and I'll not raise a

finger against you."

"You will not seek my life, then?"

"At the present, no; in the future, yes. So be on your guard. I saved your life in Barrel camp; you have returned the favor to-day, and now we are even. Arm yourself, for the next time we meet, one of us must die!"

Then Rimee swung himself into the saddle and galloped off, taking the road back to the

CHAPTER XXIII. "GOING" FOR THE PRIZE.

Talbot looked after the young stranger, a

quiet smile upon his face.
"What in the world have I done to this young man or to friends of his, that he should hate me so bitterly?" he asked, as he listened to the rapidly-receding sound of the horse's hoofs striking upon the rocky trail.

Talbot had asked a question which he could

And then it suddenly occurred to him that the horseman, instead of proceeding on his journey, had actually turned squarely around and retraced his way back to the valley.

'Hang me if I can understand it at all,' he muttered. By this time the sun was high in the heavens and its warm beams were particularly agreeable to Talbot, whose heavy woolen garments were yet wet from his passage through the water.

Then Talbot turned his attention to the dead "To the victor belong the spoils!" he cried. "It is an old adage," and then Dick quietly possessed himself of their revolvers, and from

the belt of the giant took the keen-edged bowieknife. Remingtons, and in capital order, too.' Talbot murmured, as he examined the revolvers.

Then from the outlaws' pockets he supplied himself with cartridges. Removing the masks from their faces, he examined their features. Both were strangers to

"The vultures will make short work of them," Talbot muttered, as he turned away. hem," Talbot muttered, as he turned away.
'I had better be making tracks; the comrades of these handsome gentlemen may take it into their heads to return with reinforcements, and I think that I've had about all the excitement

that my health demands for the present."

Then Talbot left the open space, entered upon the Indian trail, and traversed it with rapid

steps,
At the expiration of half an hour, he entered upon the Humbug Valley. A mile or so be-

As Talbot came into the town, he saw the shanty of the fortune-teller. The thought of her prediction came instantly to his mind. "It was a narrow squeeze," he said, with a algh, "but the road-agents couldn't keep me,

and I have an idea, too, that this young stranger won't get another chance at me in a hurry After the warning I have received, I should be fully justified in 'hunting' this stranger and ending the struggle at a single blow. lo so, perhaps, in any other case but this, but Bird. the suspicion that haunts me must either be verified or disproved before I take action. I nust take an early opportunity to call upon this fair oracle of fortune again. I have an idea that she can give me some valuable in formation, and without knowing it, too," and

Dick laughed merrily as he proceeded onward. As he came round the corner of the road in to the main street of the Bar, he discovered the Indian, Mud Turtle, seated upon a bowlder by

the roadside, smoking a short pipe.

"Me glad," said the Indian, as Dick approached. Then the chief surveyed Dick curiously. "Heap fight, wildcat?" he asked, noticing the scratches upon Talbot's hands and the rents in his coat.

"No; the road-agents." The Indian then arose, and Talbot related his adventures during the night. The chief listened attentively, and his keen black eyes sparkled when he learned the secret of the out-

laws' retreat in the mountains "Make heap dollars, maybe-some timebimeby," he said, briefly.

"But what were you doing here on this stone?" Dick asked.

"No find white brother, big Injun sit downwait for white brother to come back. Chief want white brother now."
"What do you want me for?"

"Big chief got squaw now."
"Squaw!" ejaculated Talbot, in astonishment. "I was not aware there were any Inment. dians in the valley.'

"No Injun!" said the chief, loftily. "O-wahe, Blackfoot chief, no want Injun squaw-got two now—played out—give 'em to white brother—s' pose he take 'em, quick. Chief got white squaw now."

face of the young man; what he read there women were few and far between in the Wis-

dom Valley.
"Yes, nice white squaw—good 'nuff to eat," said the chief, evidently highly impressed with

the value of the prize he had captured.
"Who is she?" "Daughter, white chief, barefooted-on-top-

of-head—keeps hash-house, you bet," replied the Indian, with stolid dignity. "What, Bessie Shook!" cried Talbot, in astonishment.

Chief win her-play poker with old white father, get dead wood on him. Mud Turtle no fool Injun-play poker, heap," and the chief looked sagacious.

"Well, how does the young lady like it?" Dick inquired, not able to comprehend the truth, and believing that the Indian had made some strange mistake. "Chief no see squaw yet—he wait for white brother to come back. S'pose white brother go with Injun, he take squaw now—right away—putty soon," the Blackfoot said, drawing his

lanket tighter around him, preparatory to set-Talbot couldn't understand it in the least; the savage was so positive in his assertion that

he was fairly staggered.

"All right; go ahead," Dick said.
Talbot thought that it was best to let the Indian have his own way, knowing that as soon as they reached the saloon the explanation

"Well-s'pose go now?" the Indian said, im-

would come. The two proceeded at once straight to the

Waterproof saloon.

As Talbot and the Indian approached the place, they were perceived, and quite a little crowd gathered in the doorway.

The joke had been too rich for Bob Shook and Johnny Bird to keep, and all Humbug Bar had roared over the recital of how old Pop Shook had played poker with the Indian, Mud Turtle. And, as a natural consequence, every visitor to the saloon, after the story got about, made it a point to ask old Pop if he'd played any poker lately, and how much four kings and

had sworn worse than a mule-teamster, and threatened to shoot on sight the next man who dared to say poker to him. Great, therefore, was the excitement when a stalwart miner rushed into the saloon and yell-

an ace were worth at the bottom of the pack.

And the result had been that the old man

'Pop, hyer's the Injun comin' for the gal!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

CORNERING SHOOK. OLD SHOOK looked any thing but pleased when he saw the Indian and Talbot approaching. Of course he guessed at once that the savage had come to claim the prize that he had fairly won, and how to get out of the scrape

Shook knew not.

The inmates of the saloon were hugely pleased as they beheld old Shook's troubled ace; they anticipated a rich scene. The Indian and Talbot entered the door. A sudden silence came over the noisy crowd as the warrior strode across the floor and faced

the old man behind the bar. "How?" said the Indian, laconically. Old Shook took no notice whatever of the chief, but pretended to be very busy wiping a

tumbler.
"Glad to see white father—white father glad to see Injun?" "Yes, of course," the old man answered. slowly, never raising his eyes to the Indian's face, and rubbing the glass very industriously.

"It is good," said the chief, gravely. "Injun come for squaw now." And then there was an awful silence; the bearded men, who had been joking in whispers among themselves, stopped, and all leaned forward, anxious to hear the old man's reply.

Shook rubbed away at the glass and got as red in the face as a boiled lobster.
"White father no hear Injun," the red-skin observed, sarcastically. "S'pose chief talk heap louder, maybe white father hear. Chief for squaw now.' And as the Indian spoke, there was a glitter

in his dark eyes, which plainly told that he did not consider the matter a joke. "Well, chief, I swow, you've got me," said the old man, with forced good humor, leaning his arms on the narrow bar, and, for the first time, looking the Indian in the face.

How got white father? Chief no see." The Indian spoke calmly enough, but there was an ugly look on his dark face.
"Well, I thought the hull thing was a joke,

you see," Shook explained. "White father lie!" cried the Indian, scornfully; "he want cheat Injun out of squaw!"
Old Shook's face grew purple, but, with a
great effort, he restrained himself.

See hyer, Injun, that's no way to talk," he d. "We white men don't sell our gals, or stake 'em like mules on a game of keerds. We don't do business that way." "White father say he play poker for squaw; 'pose he beat Injun, he no take Mud Turtle's

rold-dust?"

No, of course not! All in fun, you know," But, before the words were fairly out of his mouth, there was a roar of laughter in the room, which made the worthy host of the Wa-

terproof turn scarlet with rage again. Oh, that's too thin, old man!" cried Johnny "Oh, he wouldn't have taken the dust!" cried another.

"Of course not!" ejaculated a third. "Now, shet up, boys!" cried Shook, appeal-ngly; "this air is a serious business now." ingly; "this air is a serious business now."
"White father think Injun cheat 'um, chief play poker ag'in—flax white father, you bet!"

said the Injun, with dignity.
"That's fair!" "Squar' as you make 'um!"
"Go fur him, Pop!"

The miners were enjoying the fun.
"Now, boys, this is a leetle too much!" cried the old man, in remonstrance. "Injun waiting," said the chief, loftily.
"I can't give the gal to you, chief; she won't e gave !" cried the old man.

"S'pose you call squaw," the Injun suggested.
The old man thought that this was a good idea; he saw a chance of getting out of the scrape, Tell Bessie to come hyer, Bob," he said; and then, as Bob left the room, Shook put a bottle and glass on the bar, and pushed them

toward the Indian. Take somethin'," he said, blandly. The Indian shook his head with stolid digni-y. It was evident that he wanted nothing but

"Oh, that's played, old man," said Johnny Bird, with mock earnestness; "you can't fool

You can't git 'round him now!" exclaimed another one of the crowd. "Now, boys, let up!" Shook cried, appealingly; "this is a rough joke on me, anyway."

Bessie's appearance gave a new interest to

"You are right," Rimee said, slowly and with sigh; "women are very worthless creatures."

"A white squaw!" exclaimed Talbot, in amazement, for he was well aware that white interrupting him. "Bob told me all about it."

"And the Indian won fairly?" "And the Indian woll fairly!

"Well, yes, I spose he did," Shook said, ruefully, and the dystanders roared at the expression upon the old man's face.

"If he won, that settles the matter, of course,

and I must go with him."

If a thunderbolt had crushed in the roof of the Waterproof saloon at that moment, it could not have astonished the old man more than the

girl's announcement. "What?" yelled the old man, in a rage. The Indian looked delighted, while the miners gave themselves up to unrestrained merriment.
"Oh, you infernal scoundrel!" roared Shook, shaking his fist at the redoubtable Bob, who

was red in the face trying to suppress his laugh-"you've done this?" And then the crowd roared again. The Indian was a little astonished at the uproarious mirth. The case had been decided in

his favor, and he could see no reason for the unseemly merriment. When squaw ready, chief ready, too," he

It was evident to all that the chief was in sober earnest. He did not take it as a joke at

Bessie looked puzzled for a moment. She did not wish to offend the chief if she could help it; then she thought of a way out of the

"Am I to go with you, chief?" she asked. The Indian gravely nodded assent. But where ?'

" Home of Blackfoot chief - Muscle-shell "Oh, but I can't go there, chief," she said, with a winning smile. "I can not go to the

wilderness. I must have a nice house like this to live in. A grave look came over the face of the In-He began to see that he was not going to get the squaw after all.

"Chief's lodge is big—buffalo-skins; no house to give white squaw," he said, slowly. "And, chief, if I marry you, you must be-This settled the Indian's doubting mind.

'Be Christian?" he asked. "Like white father?" and he pointed to

" Yes." "Ugh! Injun be Christian like white father: next time he play poker, he say, mountain all mine, stake 'um. He lose, he no give mountain. He say, go take him away. Mountain no go, he no pay. When Injun lose, Injun pay. He no be Christian—he honest man—no cheat.

Gravely the Indian delivered his sweeping ac-"The Injun's right," the miners muttered among themselves.

"Say, old man, I kin fix the thing up," Johnny Bird cried, rising.

"S'pose you pay the Injun so many ounces of gold-dust for to call the thing squar'?"

Injun no get squaw, he take dust," said the chief, willing to compromise the matter.

"And the white squaw will be the chief's sister," said Bessie, withdrawing from the

And so the famous poker case was settled. After a great deal of haggling, the number of ounces was agreed upon, and Old Shook paid them over to the Indian. But a sigh came from the old man as he

'I tell you what it is, boys," he said, gravely, "it don't do to bet on a sure thing in this world now, for sure things air sometimes mighty onsartin

(To be continued-Commenced in No. 152.)

Cat and Tiger:

THE STAR OF DIAMONDS. A ROMANCE OF LOVE AND MYSTERY.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., AUTHOR OF "RLACK HAND," "IRON AND GOLD," "RED SOORPION," "PEARL OF PEARLS," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHEACK," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV. THE VALUE OF THE PAPER.

WHILE the Quack giggled and chuckled, he went to the door, locked it and placed the key in his pocket. Helene silently watched him, the frown on her lovely face growing darker, and her eyes flashing sternly beneath the knitted brows.

She did not like the tone nor speech of Carof that movement, which plainly meant:

"Now, my beautiful belle, you are a close prisoner with us; and you must listen, whether you choose or not, to what I am going to say."

Cortez did not understand. He saw that his father was explorant over something the cortex.

father was exuberant over something; he saw that this exuberance was angering their visitor; and why old Carlos should say that she, Helene Cercy, was the new sweetheart mentioned in their recent conversation, was more than the young man could conceive-for, Helene was an entire stranger to him, and the Quack had not yet made a confidant of his son, so far as to tell aim of the purchases made by the belle at the

Cortez, therefore, was filled with surprise, and gazed in blankness and inquiry from one to the

"Carlos Mendoze, why did you lock that door?" demanded Helene, angrily.
"Wait! Ho! ho! we'll see presently. I want to tell you how valuable this paper is to me. Oh, how very valuable!—and you say it is worthless."

Unlock the door, sir!" "Sit down, Cortez—sit down," whined Carlos. "Malediction! I have something important to speak of. Ho! ho! ho!"
"What does all this mean, old man?"

"A great deal, my boy—a great deal! He! he! he! Laugh! Laugh! This beautiful belle is to be the wife of my son! Ho! h-o!"

"Carlos Mendoze! Wretch!—what do you mean by that insult?" Helene half-started from her chair, and her dark orbs lighted with

redoubled anger as they riveted staringly on the giggling, chuckling, exuberant Quack.
Cortez strained his ears, and listened in

"Quiet! Quiet!" old Carlos said, still laughing lowly. "Listen, Cortez! you have heard of Florose Earncliffe?—the beautiful blonde of Esplanade street.'

Yes-she died-" "He! no—she was poisoned!"
"Poisoned?"

'Carlos Mendoze, what are you doing?' cried Helene, breathing quick and fast.

But, Carlos paid her no heed, and continued, uddressing his son:

poisoned by this beautiful belle here, whose name is Helene Cercy—eh, madame?"

The young man looked in astonishment to-

ward Helene 'Yes, Cortez: she was the rival of Florose Florose must be removed, because Helene wanted her lover, Dwyr Allison. Oh, I know all about it! He! he! But she must have means and a tool. She first buys poison of me, and then finds a tool in Pedro Gomez, the gardener of Elsor Earncliffe, and the father of Wart Gomez. Ho! A nice plot, eh? A nice plot!" "Yes. Malediction!" exclaimed Cortez, now

grinning with his father. 'So, Florose was removed. Elsor Earncliffe could not survive the shock. Both father and daughter were removed. But, what did she do next? Caramba! What did she do with Pedro Gomez, her tool? She called him to her house to-night, drugged him, and then turned him over to some rascals who were to sting him with in asp—the asp, too, she got of me! Hoh-o!" Hoh-o!"

"Hoh-o!" echoed Cortez.

"Through the keyhole I saw her with solved, should be his wife within a month."

Curse him! I feared as much!" thought Helene, while she remained silent during the Quack's outburst. -For she had sent to me for a love-pow-

der, and I had gone with the powder, unseen by the servants, to her private apartments. Malediction! what a plot." "Yes. Malediction! Ha! ha! ha!"

"She had written and signed an agreement to either marry Pedro Gomez, or give him half her fortune, after fifteen years. Through the key hole I saw her place this paper in a small desk, when she turned poor Pedro over to the ruf-

Old Carlos bent his slim form nearly double, and laughed in his glee, till his sides were sore

"I think I see what you are driving at, old man. "So do I," Helene thought to herself, while a peculiar, contemptuous smile played about her

see? I have the written agreement of Helene Cercy, to marry, after fifteen years—not Pedro Gomez, but Cortez Mendoze! for we can easily erase the name, and insert a new one. Caramba! Caramba! how good."
"Yes—caramba!—it is very good," laughed

The young Spaniard was already in love with the face before him, and at prospect of marry ing one so beautiful, his whole passionate na

"You mean, then, Carlos Mendoze, that I am to marry your son?" the question was put very calmly, the speaker was not at all disconcerted "That is it! That is it!" "And if I refuse-

"If you refuse? Malediction! I will expose all your tricks!" "I am not afraid of that," was Helene's men rain not airait of that, was ricenes shear tal comment. "Carlos Mendoze can not betray me, without implicating himself, and he will suffer equally with me, in the event of the ex-posure he threatens. He thinks I will not see this. I might astonish him by telling him how easy it would be for me to bring the officers of the law to his house in search of the abductor. the law to his house, in search of the abductor and murderer of Carline Mandoro. But, it would not be sensible for me to do that now, while I am locked in this room, and in their

power. I must, first, get out of this. Let them go on. When they measure weapons with Helene Cercy, they will have to fight hard and shrewdly." Then aloud:

in your power, so I must yield." wildly!" Cortez was saying, inwardly.
"It is well! It is well!" laughed the Quack "Cortez will make you a good husband. Now, do you not think this paper is worth something

to me? Salute your sweetheart, Cortez! Kiss her! Ho! ho! ho!" "Keep off!" ordered Helene, as the young man advanced with the apparent intention of kissing her. "Let it suffice, for the present, that I yield to your demands. Cortez will have embraces and kisses enough when we are married," and as she spoke—while her bosom was turmoiling and burning with rage, hate, chagrin, contempt—she even smiled pleasantly on

the young Spaniard.

"I will wait," said Cortez, bowing.

Then was her time. Cortez was bowing so that he could not see her; old Carlos was unlocking the door; and, unobserved, she snatched up the box containing the Star of Diamonds, and thenet it, out of sight in the folds of her and thrust it out of sight in the folds of her

"There you are!" whined Mendoze, sen.
"Your captivity is over. You are wise. You are politic. Cortez will make you a good husband. So, it is understood, eh? You are the betrothed of my son Cortez."

"He is a handsome man," Helene said, smiling, and turning her lustrous eyes on the young man; "I have no doubt we shall get along happily. Moreover, I have no alternative—"None!" declared the Quack, chuckling

"Therefore, we understand each other. And may I go, now ?" "Oh, yes—go! He! he! he! There's the door wide for you."

"Stay," interposed Cortez. "May I call upon you, to-morrow evening, Helene Cercy?"
"Certainly. I will be glad to see you, Cortez.' "But, he must not drink any wine, nor eat

any fruit, nor smell of roses in your house! Caramba!" put in Carlos, meaningly.

"I shall expect you, Cortez." "I will come,"

He bowed gallantly as she swept past him; and when she was gone, he turned to old Caros, with: Malediction! I am mad with love for her!

"Oho! did I not say I had a pretty sweet-heart in store for you?"
"Caramba! how beautiful!"

"Yes—yes; and a prize! This rival of Florose Earneliffe—with thousands and thousands of dollars, and so beautiful—ho! ho! what a prize!

'Yes, a prize— What ails you, old man?" Carlos had uttered a sudden cry.

"The box! The box! She has stolen it!
Oh! oh! my beautiful diamonds!"

" Malediction!" Carlos would have dashed after her. But Cortez detained him.

"No. Let her keep the accursed thing. It would only bring us ill luck."
"But the diamonds! the diamonds!" he howled, moving his slim body up and down in | Mendoze.'

the other's hold, and gesticulating wildly "Let them go." "They are worth thousands!"

"I care not if they are worth millions—that would not save us from its fates. Let it go, I

say."

"But I wanted it for you, Cortez! The money it would bring!—think of that."

"Devil's ducats!" grunted Cortez. "I want possible we can stipulate for it in none of it. Besides, we can stipulate for it in that document you spoke of. What matter after all? It will eventually come back, when I

"Yes, yes, she was poisoned. And she was marry the pretty thief. Do you think she will oisoned by this beautiful belle here, whose wed me, old man?" the question thoughtfully. "Caramba! of course she will. She can not refuse."

True. We have her in a tight trap.' "Come now, we'll fix the paper, since she has escaped by this time with the star." Mendoze drew forth the document which he

had stolen from the small desk at Helene Cer-cy's house, and spread it on the table. And while the Quack proceeded to arrange for the erasure, by chemicals, of Pedro's name, Cortez busied himself with glancing over the

agreement that was to give him Helene Cercy for a wife.
"Malediction!" he exclaimed, in an undertone. "I will not wait fifteen years-nor fifteen months! She shall marry me at once!

Ho, there, Farak!" He rung the bell, and ordered the negro to bring a fresh bottle from the wine-closet; after which he seated himself to think-no more of Carline Mandoro, and his fears-but of his new

CHAPTER XV.

THE CLAWS OF THE BEAUTIFUL TIGRESS. WE go again to the tapestried room at Hel ene Cercy's residence, in the early evening of the day following her visit to the Quack. At the moment, the beauty was near the center of the apartment, facing a servant who was

standing in the doorway. In one hand she held When she read the name, she glanced up, and said:

"Admit him. Usher him to this room."

"Yes, my lady." The man thought it singular that his mistress should make it a point, of late, to receive visitors in her private apartments; for the tapestried room was certainly private, by her own orders. Only Ola, her maid, knew that she frequently enjoyed a cigarette in here, where there was no fear of intrusion, and hence no possibility of her habit becoming known. Not that she was afraid to have the fact of her indulgence leak out—for there were many women in her own circle who enjoyed the vice of smoking but because she chose, rather, to keep her do

ings covered. Moreover, this was the same servant who had seen Pedro Gomez enter there the night before; and he wondered when that visitor-whoeve ne was-had gone out-if he had gone out at all, and if he had not gone out, then what had become of him? But, for reasons, he kept his wonderment to himself. He knew that if he evinced a desire to probe the affairs of his mis-tress, he would be immediately discharged; and no one in Helene Cercy's employ would wish to leave her, as she always dealt kindly with her ervants and paid them liberally.

In a few moments the visitor was ushered in, and this visitor was Cortez Mendoze, the son of

Helene had been expecting him. A luxuriant sofa—or, rather, a long ottoman—had been pushed forward, and beside it stood the small mosaicked table, containing fruit and

Helene smiled pleasantly as he entered. She had dressed richly to receive him. Cortez looked exceedingly handsome. almost felt a passion for the young man, as she met the deep glance of his brilliant eyes; and while she gave him her hand in greeting, and led him to the ottoman-sofa, she thought:

"What a comely lover for some gay senorita! I am half in love with his handsome face my-

"Very well, Carlos Mendoze; you have me beauty:
"Malediction! What a lovely creature!"
"Malediction! What a lovely creature!"
"Malediction! Caramba! And Cortez, as he feasted his eyes on her Wait fifteen years for this prize? Caramba!
No. I'll marry her within a month."
"Be sented, Cortez. I have been lonesome

while waiting for my fiance. But I feel better now. Here is wine. Let us drink and be mer-

ry."
"Caramba!" he thought. "She begins early.
The old man warned me not to drink in her house, nor eat of any thing, nor smell of roses." And aloud: "Thanks—but you will pardon my

"I see," said Helene, very unconcernedly, "you have been advised by your father not to touch any thing I may offer you. Have no fears, Cortez; I mean you no harm. How could I?—the man I have consented to marry!

See," and she drained a wine-glass as she spoke.
"Malediction!" mentally. "If that is drugged or poisoned, she has a dose of it, too. So I will try some-drink only when she drinks, and be on my guard.

"Now," said he, "to begin with: you have stolen something from us, Helene Cercy."

"Oh, you know—that Star of Diamonds."
"Ha! ha! ha! Yes, Cortez, I have stolen And I wish you to let me keep it for while. It is very pretty."
"Malediction! You may keep it for fifteen

years. See here; we have altered the document nicely. It reads, that, after fifteen years, you shall either marry Cortez Mendoze, or give him

half your fortune, or restore the Star of Diamonds." He drew the document from his pocket, and

He drew the document from his pocket, and held it up before her—held it warily beyond her reach, however. And when she had glanced at it, and seen how cleverly the father and son had altered it to suit their purpose, he put it away again, with an air of satisfaction.

"But I do not propose to wait so long," he declared, with a nod and a smile.

"What did you say, Cortez?" Helene was idly picking at the fruit.

"I say I will not wait for fifteen years. Malediction! you are too beautiful to wait for! I

you are too beautiful to wait for! must, have you at once. I care nothing for your money; and as for the star-I would not have the accursed jewel if you were to give it to me this minute."
"Why not, Cortez?" she inquired, surprised

at this declaration and its earnestness. "That star was once the property of your grandfather."

"Of my grandfather?"

"Yes. It is a fatal possession. It has a history of evil, and I want none of it."

"Will you explain, Cortez?" asked Helene,

in genuine astonishment. Cortez Mendoze then narrated the history of the Star of Diamonds, though with fewer words than Carline had used when she made the revelation to her husband, Wart Gomez, on the

night of the latter's assassination.
"So you see," he added, in conclusion, "I want nothing to do with it. I am unlucky enough so far, until I met you; now I am lucky Cortez

"Yes, you are very lucky, Cortez."
"I do not want the star; I do not want your money, so you must marry me."
"Of course. That is understood. That is a very singular story you have been telling me, Cortez," eating leisurely of the fruit. "You must be my wife within a month," he

Within a month, Cortez ?" "That is what I said." "But you are sudden—"
"No matter."

"I can not prepare in that time. My trous-"Bother the trousseau! Malediction! I will attend to that very quickly."
"And you will not wait longer?

"No longer than a month. Malediction! You do not know how beautiful you are, else you would not wonder at my haste.' "Ha! ha! ha! ha! And you are determin-

Yes, determined." "Ha! ha! ha! I do not think you will

marry me in a month, Cortez."
"You do not!—why?" He spoke sharply and glanced at her keenly, for there was a peculiar strain to her words, to her laugh, which grated on his ears. "I do not think you will marry me at all, Cortez Mendoze. Helene Cercy is not for

With the cry she made a sudden movement, grasping him by the collar, and turned him completely over. Quick as a flash her white hands closed round his throat, and with one knee planted on his breast she held him down.

"It is time! it is time!" she screamed.

"Malediction!" snorted the Spaniard, struggling and straining every muscle to release him-

Her action was so sudden as to take him utterly by surprise and at a disadvantage; and there must have been a marvelous strength in her smoothly-rounded arms, for she held him firmly, despite his frantic writhing, while she cried out:

It is time! it is time!"

The words were a signal. From the secret room issued forth the same wolf-visaged men who had made off with Pedro

"Take him off! Off with him!" ordered He-But they were startled by a rapid knocking

at the door. For a second the men paused, and Helene reaxed the tightness of her grip.

"Caramba!" roared Cortez.

With one mighty effort he shook her off, and darted toward the secret door.

"After him! He will escape after all!"
The rufflans dashed forward.

But Cortez saw the trap that had been set for him. Remembering certain impressive warnings he had received from his father, before visiting the belle, and perceiving the tools

that had been in waiting for the signal, he fearand reasonably—for his life. With the cursing, growling men at his heels, he bounded across the dark room that was be-

At the window, he swung himself out. To his surprise and delight, he brushed against a rope ladder that was fastened to the sill, and by which means these rufflans were accustomed to gain ingress. Down this ladder he went in a twinkling. In a few seconds he was scaling the

Malediction!" he exclaimed, as he stretched his legs in a swift run, gave one glance back at the window, and fled, hatless, through the But the ruffians did not pursue him beyond

the garden wall. When Helene Cercy opened the door, to see who was there, another card was handed to

"Dwyr Allison," she read, then said, "I will be down presently. Show him into the salon at the back.

Yes, my lady. The servant departed with mouth agape. He had glanced into the tapestried room, and saw no sign of the visitor he had ushered in there a

CHAPTER XVI.

HELENE CERCY'S LOVE. THE note dispatched to Dwyr Allison, on the day previous, had brought the young evening to the house of Helene Cercy.

He was leaning against the mantelpiece, gazing absently down at the "charms" on his watch-chain, with which he toyed while await.

His handsome face was very pale and sad; it was evident that the loss of Florose, on the eve of her wedding, had been to him a heart-blow.

Helene came in presently. Her face wore its sweetest smile; she was ore radiant than he had ever before seen her. "Well, Helene?"

They had long ago dropped the formal prefix. "I am glad you've come. Be seated."
"Let me thank you, Helene, for the kind sympathy of your note."
"I feared you would not believe me sincere,"

she said, as they turned to one of the rich tetes.
"Why?" surprisedly.
"Dwyr—" she hesitated, but the brilliant eyes did not vary from their gaze into his, "why did you desert me?"

Desert you?" You seem to forget: this is the first time you have called upon me for a whole month."
"Helene-" and he hesitated now, "at one

time you may have thought I loved you."
"I did." "And you were right; though I believed that I had not betrayed my affection. I did love you Helene, and it was while too weak to tell of it, through fear that you might reject me, that something happened to destroy all my desire to

Helene colored, but remained silent. "I did not intend to speak of this; but you have questioned me. You ask me why I de-

serted you. Do you remember the soirce of three months ago?" "Yes," very lowly.
"I was dancing with Florose. You were on the balcony, looking at us through the window. What did you say, to yourself, as you watched

Nothing that I can recollect.

"Your memory fails you—perhaps purposely. You said—and you frowned darkly, too—'I wish she was dead!' You meant Florose."
"Who told you that? It is—"
"Hold; it is true. My valet was within three feet of you, at the time. He saw the look of hate you darted at Florose; he heard those vindictive words—almost a curse. You know it is true. Florose never harmed you, Helene." The young man spoke very earnestly; his eyes were fixed fully on her beautiful face, and their glance volumed far more of the reproach

"Dwyr, you are mistaken. Florose did harm "Impossible! She was all gentleness; ay, more: among all her friends, there was not one for whom she felt a deeper friendship than for

that his words contained.

you, though you were her rival. Florose could not have harmed you." "I tell you, she thrust a dagger to my bosom when she stole you from me! You start, Dwyr? Listen to me: while you were loving me in silence, I was yearning for that love—dying to hear you speak it! My heart had long been yours, though I concealed my passion more successfully—waiting till you should tell me of your love, when I would pour out mine! Stop: hear me further. I must tell this, now. A love like mine has been, and is, will not be chained to silence by any of so-

ciety's stilted laws; too many hopes have been wrecked, and lives made unhappy, by this iron grip of rigid formality, and the sword-pricking ppinions of brainless people who denounce it as unmaidenly, wrong, ruinous, for a woman to betray her affections unasked. I will not have my tongue manacled by this unrighteous code. The great God who gave you your heart gave me mine—with the same susceptibilities, yearnings, passions, ambitions and chords of feeling; and it is woman's right to strive for an object of that heart's worship, as well as man's! I asked you here, to night, to lay bare my secret.

I love you—love you dearly, Dwyr!"

Her dark orbs were burning with the fire and order of her more woman nature, unbridled in ove, as it was in hate; and her lovely face was glowing while she made the confession and argued the justness of her freedom. You called me to you for that, Helene?" he

asked, very calmly.
"Yes, Dwyr, for that. You say you have loved me—do you not love me now?"
"Helene—"

"Helene—
"Floros can no longer claim you; she is dead. Let love, like hate, perish at the grave—
though you may regret the loss."
"Helene I do not love you" rising as he Helene, I do not love you," rising as he

She stepped quickly to his side. You do not mean that!'

When Florose died, I buried all my love with her—there is none left. The world will always have a desolate look to me. But you pain me sorely, Helene; let me depart at

"Dwyr"-and the voice of this strange girl. for once, was tremulous-"do you reject my

Her whole soul, at the moment, was in the lowly-uttered question. She was breathing hard; and there was a wildness of expression in her grandly-beautiful features, as she stood with heart throbbing, and hearing

strained. 'I repeat, Helene, this is painful to me. Had I foreseen this, I never would have come here. I am sorry to hear you say what you have. I can never love you. Let me take my

He bowed icily-then walked from the apart-

She stood like a statue—her fists, as was her wont, clenched till the pink nails sunk into the flesh, and the bare, white arms straight and stiff at her sides. Her teeth were tightly shut, and her eyes flashed as she stared after his de-

"Go, then!—go!" she panted, when she heard the front door close; "go, Dwyr Allison! and may the curse of Helene Cercy go with you! There was one soft, pure spot in my heart, only waiting and longing for your love, to make me better than I am. But you have crushed it out; you have trampled under foot the fondest hope of my life, the sole endeavor of my ambition. I hate you now! I hate you!--and may every curse in a human's path make your existence one term of everlasting misery

Helene returned to the tapestried apart-One of her ruffian tools was in waiting.

one of her ruffian tools was in waiting.

"Well, Nio?"—as she entered, and closed
the door—"did you catch him?"

"No!" was the blunt, half-sullen reply.

"Never mind. Listen to me now: we have
not yet done with this young Spaniard, Cortez
Mendoze. You still have a chance to earn
your money, if you will do as I bid you. Now,
I have a plan for his destruction—a bold plan.
For he must be removed. He is a dangerous For he *must* be removed. He is a dangerous enemy of mine. Now draw your chair nearer,

Whatever that plan was, it caused the ruf-fian to start and stare, and look incredulous; while he uttered sundry exclamations of aston-ishment as Helene explained her intentions, (To be continued—Commenced in No. 154.)

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BY JOE JOT, JR.

There lived a fox once on a time,
(There always have been foxes),
A sly old fox in every thing,
Who dealt in bonds and stockses,
And bonght and sold bright yellow gold,
Had railway shares in Texas,
Could lift the chickens from a roost,
And quickly wring their neckses.

One day this sly old fox was out,
And passing farmer Mapeses,
He saw upon a trellis high
A bunch of splendid grapeses.
He paused, that luscious bunch awoke
His palate's tenderest fancies,
He reached up on tiptoe, but they
Hung far above his handses.

Said he, "How much for being short
A man in life oft loses,"
And put his specs upon his nose
To take some nearer viewses.
He rolled his sleeves up, and says he,
"Now, grapes, your good time closes,"
And gathers up some stones and clubs, And gathers up some stones and clubs, And at them fast he throwses.

But ah, those grapes still hang aloft, A miss makes every missile, And through a window very near He makes a large stick whistle. But still he will not give it up, Because those grapes he prizes, Their size brings water to his mouth, And tears into his eyeses.

"Sure, 'Nothing venture nothing have,'
I oft have heard the rhyme says,'
So off his shoes he throws, and up
The trellis fast he climbses.
He gets the grapes, but his foot slips,
In vain the vines he seizes,
And down he tumbles to the ground,
And fractures both his kneeses.

And when he comes to taste the grapes,
Brown-cheeked as any Gipsy's,
He finds that they are awful sour,
And pucker up his lipses.
The moral of this story's plain
To boys as well as foxes—
Don't work too hard to get sour grapes,
'Twill save you from some shockses.

Owl's Head. A REVOLUTIONARY STORY

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

"I say, sir, that gentlemen should go where their sympathies lead them, and not stay where they do, as traitors in the camp. I hope that I

"And I say, major, that the insinuation conveyed in your speech is a cowardly falsehood. I hope that I am understood."

Major Hargreaves turned very red, as he

said:

"I understand, perfectly, Captain Norwood, and you shall understand, too, at six o'clock tomorrow morning, if you please. Major Schweitzer will act as my friend, sir. At least, there is no doubt of his loyalty to the king."

Young Norwood smiled sarcastically.

"Less than there is of his courage, I admit. As the challenged party, I have the right of choosing the place. I say the Neutral Ground beyond Harlem. I fancy the major will not care to go there. I shall go alone, and if you dare follow, we shall see whether my honor is

dare follow, we shall see whether my honor is not as good as yours, major."

"Be it so," said Hargreaves, stiffly. "I will meet you then."

He was turning away, this stiff and choleric major of grenadiers, when Norwood observed:
"For to-night, I presume, we can trust to
each other's honor not to visit a certain party."
Major Hargreaves wheeled round, as red as

"I make no promises, sir, but this: I intend to marry that lady if I can cure her rebel sympathies, and I intend to kill you. Good-

day," and away went Hargreaves down the street toward the house of the well-known Whig sympathizer, Judge Van Tassel.

Norwood looked after him, with a smile.

"Go ahead, Pomposity," he muttered, "and see what Gerty says. If you have any easier work than I have I'm surprised." work than I have, I'm surprised."

Bertram Norwood was the eldest of two brothers, and had clung to the fortunes of the king during the Revolutionary war. His younger brother, Clarence Norwood, had risen to the rank of colonel in the Continental forces, and both brothers, though espousing opposite causes had never ceased to meet with mutual love and confidence, during the short armistices and truces that occasionally intervened. Bertram Norwood held to his opinions, as much from pride and honor as conviction, and Clarence respected his brother's conscience. But the royal officers, in those declining days of British power, were jealous of the shadow of a leaning toward the "Rebels," and Bertram Norwood was exposed to continual bickerings with brother-officers on account of sneers at his suppos-

He had borne this patiently from most men, but when Major Lloyd Hargreaves insinuated a sneer at his honor, he fired up, as we have seen, and the major challenged him. The true reason of this lay below the surface. Bertram had esbused the British cause, as much to be near Gertrude Van Tassel, whose father remained in New York, a secret Whig, an open "trimmer," to save his large landed property. Gerty was an ardent patriot, and a beautiful heiress; hence all the British officers were trying to convert her, and Hargreaves was the most successful in appearance of all. Bertram knew him for a dangerous rival, and the major was correspondingly jealous of Bertram. Hargreaves had taken it into his head that if he could get rid of see one sensible man in the lot.

Neither of the rivals was aware that, at the moment they separated, a young man of singular personal grace was sitting alone with Miss Tassel, her head resting on his breast, while he said:

"Let them come and let them go, dearest; you and I trust each other and love America. Bertie shall be saved, and Alice be happy. Trust me for that."

"Well, sir, you are here at last. I hope you like the place. Your rebel friends may be on us if we do not finish this business quickly.

Perhaps you would not be sorry."

And Major Hargreaves settled his chin in his voluminous white cravat and stared fiercely at Bertram Norwood, as the latter rode up.

Norwood looked sternly at the major, as he answered: Your insinuation is an additional insult I

do not deserve, sir. What my sympathies may be you know not, but no man can say my honor as an officer is other than stainless. We waste time. Let us begin.'

He dismounted and drew his sword, and the major was equally ready. Both men hated each other bitterly and wasted no time in preliminaries, but attacked each other with deadly

The place, in which they had met by ap pointment, was sufficiently dangerous to be very lonely. It was at the edge of that neutral ground, between New York and the patriot lines, where Cowboys and Skinners alike roved

honest folks, and a duel was likely to be unmo-

Hargreaves and Norwood were both good fencers, but the latter was far the youngest. The major belonged to the old school, wary and cautious, with a wrist of iron and the head of a General. Norwood, though quick and supple, was inferior in coolness to his veteran an tagonist. The slender rapiers clashed, writhed and twisted in the air, as first one and then the other lunged out and parried.

The major, keeping cool and grim, and fencing close, gradually began to press back his youthful antagonist, and Bertram, with rage and despair in his heart, found himself giving way. Hoping to get a more favorable engagement, he suddenly sprung back, and, in so doing, tripped over a projecting root, and fell backward to the ground.

"Now I have you!" shouted Hargreaves, vindictively, and he rushed forward to stab the fallen man, whose sword had escaped his grasp. Then Bertram Norwood had been a lost man in another moment. Hargreaves was above him, with his sword drawn back to deal the mur-derous blow, when a hand of iron caught the soldier by the throat, and the next moment the

great glaring eyes of an owl were fixed on his face, while the hooked beak and tufted horns of the creature's head passed before his vision. Utterly astounded, the major became powerless to struggle for a moment, for the hand of a man was on his throat, a man of far superior strength, with the head of an owl. In that moment the weird stranger drew back a sword he

carried and stabbed Hargreaves in the side.

The weapon broke off close to the hilt and dropped harmless to the ground, while Hargreaves gasped out:
"Mercy, if you're the devil! I'll never wear

it again. Not a word replied the man with the owl's head, but he thrust the Englishman back like a child, and, raising the hilt of his broken sword, dealt him but one blow on the skull, when Hargreaves dropped like a felled ox.

Bertram Norwood, unable to realize fully what had happened, was struggling to rise, when the hoot of an owl resounded through the wood, and the next moment there was a rush

of feet around him. borne away.

do you mean to express in that stare of yours? If you have any thing on your mind out with it, and give me at least the benefit of an impartial

Thus urged. Cleve sighed and shook his head dolefully, but averted his gaze from his disconcerted friend.

"Jack, my boy," he said, presently, "I'm afraid you're beyond help!"
"If you mean—" began Jack, impetuously, but Cleve stopped him with a gesture.
"Yes, that's what I mean," he returned, positively." Internal I mean, "he returned, positively." itively. "Just now I was comparing infatua-tions with epidemics, and you've got one, my boy, got it bad! I know all you can say about the 'blessed privilege,' your being content to 'brave your fate,' and all that, which only goes to show how desperate your case is. I'll do any

thing I can for you, depend on that. I wish you'd tell me just where you stand."

Jack Stanleigh whistled a bar from an opera, reflectively, and then burst out in his own impe-

tuous manner. say, Cleve, I know you're a trump at heart, though you are such a cynic on the outside. The truth is I've been making a confounded jackanapes of myself. Got jealous, you see, went off in a tiff, and stirred up a deuce of a muss generally. Well, after a time I got it through my cranium that it was just possible I might have been mistaken; anyway. possible I might have been mistaken; anyway concluded not to bear the punishment I took upon myself without being sure I deserved it. So I packed up and came back in a truly repentant frame of mind, and there's where the matter stands, except—well, I'll let you know

when you congratulate me, Cleve. The major grasped the case, and knew how worse than useless remonstrance would prove. Jack's tongue, once loosed, rattled on.

You know what a lady-killer Renholme is so you see it was rather natural-my jealousy of him. And if the truth must be told, she—she really did—"
"She flirted too," broke in Cleve, remorse-

lessly.
"Yes, but then I know I was an ogre. "Just so," asserted the major, without any very definite idea of the manner in which Jack's greish proclivities might have manifested He caught a glimpse of dark forms of men, all surmounted with owls' heads, and then a cloak was thrown over his head and he was about the sands, smoking furiously, and plung-

But Cleve bowed himself out of the field, though not so far but he could keep watch of the secluded corner and what passed there.

Miss Challon fenced herself in by a dextrous turn of the buhl table, and on this occasion she fenced Renholme in also; he remained there through the evening, by no means an unwilling captive. Stanleigh sauntered in and consoled himself as best he might in the light of Miss Fanny's favor, until Cleve, stalking discontent-edly about, retired after an hour or two.

Every day the crystal bowl on the little buhl table brightened with a fresh offering; sometimes sweet-breathed pansies nestling in beds of glossy myrtle; sometimes a waxen camelia, or a vivid cluster of carnations, or old-fashioned spice-pinks; but oftenest the mosses and grasses of the marsh and the sea; and, of all, these were the ones which Miss Challon liked best. Yet, try as she would, she could not discover

Cleve was much disturbed in his mind during this time. Miss Challon was kind to Jack Stanleigh as she was to all, but the major could detect no basis for the foundation for such exultant hope as his friend appeared to enter-

On one occasion, when he attempted to reaon with the misguided Jack, he found himself the recipient of such a medley of confidences and assurances that all was coming speedily right, that he beat an incontinent retreat, determined to leave the headstrong Jack to the fate he courted.

He thought better of it afterward, and resolved to make an appeal to Miss Challon's better nature, with the mental reservation, "pro-

wided she possesses such a phase."

He approached his subject awkwardly enough, and blundered through it, conveying such a sense of wrong done to Jack and bitterness toward herself, that Miss Challon may be pardoned for feeling resentful.

Would it not be more generous, he asked her, to spare true-hearted men and confine her operations to such legitimate prey as the class represented by Renholme, whom no one would credit with enough sensibility, outside of himself, to suffer severely from any pangs of wounded affection?

Miss Challon would not apply the question to herself, would not understand the nature of



Antipathy.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON

Major Cleve, alone on the waste of sands, was ruthlessly grinding pebbles and shells be-neath his boot heels, and casting disturbed, impatient glances toward the little pier which ran at some distance out into the rippling green sea-

A couple of figures sauntered there-a man and a woman-their outlines cut sharp against the horizon. Sharply-defined, even to the cool sweep of the woman's dress, simple buff linen, with a touch of tropical brightness added in the carlet silken scarf which she wore over her head, and trailing its long ends over one shoul-

Cleve put his glass to his eye, and looked at them for perhaps a quarter of a minute.
"Stanleigh," he said, just as though the distance had been too great to distinguish the individual's identity with the naked eye, as if he had not known it since he saw the two meet

out there upon the pier five minutes before. "Stanleigh, poor fellow! I hope he's not on the way to make an absurd ninny of himself, the citadel of Gerty's heart. Hence the quarrel that had blazed up so quickly.

"It seems to me," he continued, in impatient musing, "that an infatuation runs much the same course as an epidemic.

Challon is the rage, and until the disease subsides, the whole range of creation here will run mad about her. It don't make an atom of difference that she's heartless and unemotional deep and designing, too. All the community from Renholme himself down to the ragged urchins in the fishermen's cottages, unite her reverence. On my word, I believe I'm the only one proof against her, since even Stanleigh rushes headlong on the road to get his wings singed. *Diablerie!* What a power the woman possesses, and in what a sublimely unconscious nanner she carries herself."

He turned sharp about, and fell to pacing the ands again as the two figures advanced slowy along the pier. Miss Challon paused, and with a wave of dismissal to her companion, stood still looking down at the quiet ripple of the smoothly flowing tide. Stanleigh lo drearily about the sands and brought up at last by Cleve's side.

The latter missed something of the usual bright joyousness from his friend's manner; caught something of the trembling, wavering shade, half hopeful, half fearful, that seemed intangibly to pervade the atmosphere about him.

"Any thing amiss, Jack?" he asked, almost wistfully, as he fumbled in his cigar-case and assed it to the other.

"Nothing; no, oh no," returned Jack, with eager asseveration, which assured the major be-yond doubt that something was amiss. He pulled his jetty whiskers and glowered sternly ines, where Cowboys and Skinners alike roved upon Stanleigh, until the latter, coloring and nervous, in spite of himself, felt obliged to reafe. Therefore was it especially avoided by

ed into some intricate maze of mental profundity. He disappeared from the scene presently, and was not again visible until he appeared in throughout the interview. It was a wretched the hotel parlor as it neared evening.

OWL'S HEAD-I.

The rooms were all but empty; only Renholme reclined with lazy ease upon a luxurious couch, and Stanleigh was visible through an open window leaning against the ornamented eranda railing

Cleve drew himself up stiffly as Miss Challon floated in. A tall, slight girl, with rounded curves to her graceful figure, and nothing more emarkable in the face than its perfect oval, its athomless blue-gray eyes, its cream white complexion with no break of color except in the arched line of the scarlet lips. Of course, with such a face her hair was blue-black, sheeny; it was arranged in a simple but strikingly unique manner—parted at the side with a smooth sweep across the wide brow, and wound in a

plaited coronal about the crown.

One particular nook in the large parlors had come to be regarded as especially Miss Challon's own. It had a pleasant outlook from one of the end windows and contained a sofa of maroon velvet and carved walnut, with a tiny buhl table drawn close, on which Miss Challon's work or book rested, and with which Miss Chalon was wont to fence off invaders when she chanced to be in a prohibitory mood.

Just now the little buhl table held a crystal

owl, overrunning with sea-grasses and blooming marsh mosses, with a few pink-lipped shells nestling like tinted blossoms in their midst. She uttered a little exclamation of delight, and dropped her face down into the cool green

"Who has given me such an unexpected "Who has given me such an unexpected pleasure?" she asked. "You, Mr. Renholme?" Renholme, alive to the responsibility of his self-appointed duties, was already at her side. "I only wish I could claim the honor, Miss Challon, but I'll confess to never thinking of it.

will, though, if you say the word "Claim the honor or think of it—which?" queried Miss Challon, amiably.
"That's like my usual clearness," declared

Resorolme, who rather prided himself in his erratic speeches. "I meant wade two miles through the marshes after that trumpery. May be Cleve knows something about it; he has been gone all the day."

"I'm sure Miss Challon will never credit such an indication of idiocy to me," said Cleve, thus dragged into notice.

"Certainly she does not," returned Miss Challon, quickly. "Major Cleve is better known for his soldierly qualities than any consideration for, or consultation of, womanly

"By which means, perhaps, he has escaped the fate of his fellows, fallen before womanly "Oh, I could never imagine Major Cleve

succumbing to such; he is too suspicious of ambuscades in the feminine ranks to venture into danger

"Here, Miss Fanny, do come to the rescue," called Renholme to a young lady just entering.
"These two admirable people can never be

failure from first to last, and Cleve left it feeling more than ever dissatisfied with himself and the remainder of the world.

This feeling was in no degree lessened when he ran against Miss Challon, an hour or two later, and discovered by the deep circles about her eyes that she had been unmistakably cry-ing. It was in a narrow entryway where he

was coming in as she was passing out.
"Ruth," he said, the name shocked out of him by the discovery that she was not quite heartless, after all, "I'm afraid I presumed too far this morning; will you forgive me?"
"Forgiveness is unnecessary; you

quite right, I dare say, in the abstract. Not in my case, I must protest. She spoke wearily.

'If you would let me say something without

offending you?"
"What?" she asked, with a slight quiver

about her lips.
"I thought you had no feeling once; I know better now, but I fear you are wasting it on that puppy Renholme. Think again before you send Jack away for him." Miss Challon's weary eyes flashed wide open

'Major Cleve forgets that he is not my in-"I wish you would tell me what I am to you!" he cried, in sheer desperation.

"I think we are-antipathies!" She swept out, and Cleve fumed down to the beach, to grind out some of his ill-will through his boot-heels upon the luckless shells they encountered.

He was in no mood to countenance Jack Stanleigh when the latter followed him there. his face beaming with complacent happiness. You may congratulate me now, Cleve, old

fellow!" cried Jack, heartily.

"I'd like to shake the simple credulity out of you," growled Cleve. "But you can make a fool of yourself, if you will, for all of me, after this. There's no man so blind as the one who willfully keeps his eyes shut."

"So I should say," returned Jack, with no lack of good nature. "See here, Cleve; you've manifested such uncommon interest in my affairs that I'm bound you shall see them through. Fanny and I have come to an understanding at last, and I want you to stand best man for me just two months from to-day."
"Fanny," repeated the major, in bewilder-

To be sure-Fanny. She was a little resentful at first ever my absurd conduct, and if it hadn't been for that dear Ruth Challon I should have despaired. I say, Cleve!"
"Well!" Cleve's back was turned, and his

voice had a warning growl in it. "If you two weren't so averse to each other, what a match it would be! Pity!"

'Pity!" snapped Cleve, between his teeth when Jack had gone at last. "If ever a man was a blundering idiot, it surely is I." Perhaps it was in consequence of this blun-

"In the name of all the wonders, man, what content to sustain amicable relations. Just be dering that he walked two miles over the byour mean to express in that stare of yours? kind enough to take charge of Cleve there, will marshes, and returned with his hands full of marshes, and returned with his hands full of the delicate mosses which were wont to grace the crystal bowl on the tiny buhl table.

Some fate—a kindly one—had led Miss Challon out that way, and so they came suddenly face to face again in the narrow, soggy, reedfringed marsh path. Her face flushed with a quick glow as she beheld his burden.

"It was you after all" the said half.

"It was you, after all," she said, half-re-proachfully. "I ought to be angry, but I'd rather thank you."

"Then let us be antipathies no more," he said, pleadingly, letting his whole mass of mosses fall in his eagerness to grasp the fair hand she extended in token of amnesty.

So there the antipathy ended, though I'm inclined to believe—let me whisper softly—that it had no real existence from the beginning.

Beat Time's Notes.

Skimps has invented a patent arm so perfect that people are taking to cutting their old arms off for the purpose of wearing them. They never get the rheumatism in the elbow. The fingers don't freeze, or get broken in shaking hands with earnest friends. You can readily write with them both prose and poetry—especially poetry. They are more service to you than a hired hand, and they will go out and saw your wood while you remain in the house. Some men who do a great deal of work wear eight or ten of these patent arms. Skimps is at work now on a new patent head, which, for durability and soundness, has never before been equaled.

How to catch a flea. Don't be in a hurry and get frantic. Watch your chances. Take a two-foot rule, and measure the distance from your hand to the flea. Take your pencil and calculate the time it will take to pass your hand that distance so you may be sure. Take a long breath. Aim to grab his hind-leg. Nerve yourself up, take a drink, make a ferocious grab, and, if the flea strays off, continue the chase around the room until you tumble over the baby; then flee!

OPEN the shell of the oyster carefully lest the oyster escapes and runs off; grab him by the neck and cut his head off; clip his wings very close; cut off his legs; remove his feathers; make him sour and morose with vinegar; pep-per him with pepper, and then eat him for his mother, but, in any case, first remove the shell before you eat him.

How delightful is the first advent of spring, when the early cockroaches begin to blossom and the tender toads begin to spring up, and delicious insects begin to grow, and snakes burst out of the ground, and musquitoes begin to take off their comforts and overcoats! I say how delightful! isn't it, or is it not, or why

THESE earthquakes running around loose ought to be trapped, or somebody ought to give them a good shaking: or, when they open their mouths to swallow a city, run a pitchfork down their throats. They are a very undermining set and ought to be buried.

When the tired day reclines upon her evening couch, and the enameled moon walks in beauty through night, and sheds her soft and silvery radiance over hill and dale and slumbering grove, bathing all nature in its tender light, it

is a good time to hunt 'possums and 'coons. How often in some still evening hour, while we pause to reflect upon the old delights of the days gone by, have we felt a thrill of regret over our spirits, sad and mournful, to think how much pleasure we lost by not kicking the fellow who once stepped on our corn.

Two boys sat on the bank fishing-the old story, ran off from school-when, sudde of them said: "Bill, I've got an awful bite." But, the fish getting off the hook, he exclaimed again: "There, he's unbit!"

RICHES are a nuisance. I have done all I ould not to get rich-worked harder to prevent it than at any thing else. I have been successful. Unflinching energy will always succeed. I deserve more credit than I get.

When the captain of a certain sailing ship runs a race with another craft he always goes aft and swears. His oaths are of such force and power they increase the wind and are better than a gale.

"AH," said the sentimental Jones, "how I should dread to lie in the cold, cold grave."
"You need not dread that," said his friend; it's warm enough after you die." A HUSBAND, whose wife asked him why he

kept such late hours, replied that the Scriptures enjoined us to save all the time we can, and he didn't want to let even the late hours go. A Congressman being called upon to apologize for words spoken in debate, did so by saying he was a little hard of hearing and didn't

inderstand what he did say. A MAN out West has such sharp eyes that he shaves himself with them every morning, and they are so piercing that he opens boils with them. He sharpens them on a razor-strop.

WHEN you are invited to "make yourself at home," be sure that they don't want you to make yourself at home in the other sense of the

I wouldn't give a cent in small bills for a oung man when he begins to think there is only one woman in the world.

IF a man should start round peddling new and splendid minds, he would not make a sale in a year. We are all well enough satisfied.

WHEN Wilkins came home from church, he said the congregation took all the nap off the sermon by going to sleep. By the late postal law a regular letter having only a one-cent stamp on it will only be carried

one-third of the way. GIVE an ear to good counsel. I know some people who will take every thing they can reach, except advice and pills.

A MERCHANT may praise a poor article-but ou can always rely on the sheriff's warrant.

WHATEVER wrong is done you, consider the sores.

WHY is it that some topers manage to hold their heads so long above water? It is wrong to put a glass of beer down and then ask the landlord to put it down, too.

THE new measure of Ireland-Fenian Leagues